

*A
Handful of
Flowers
with
Sprays of
Evergreen*

Amasa S. Condon

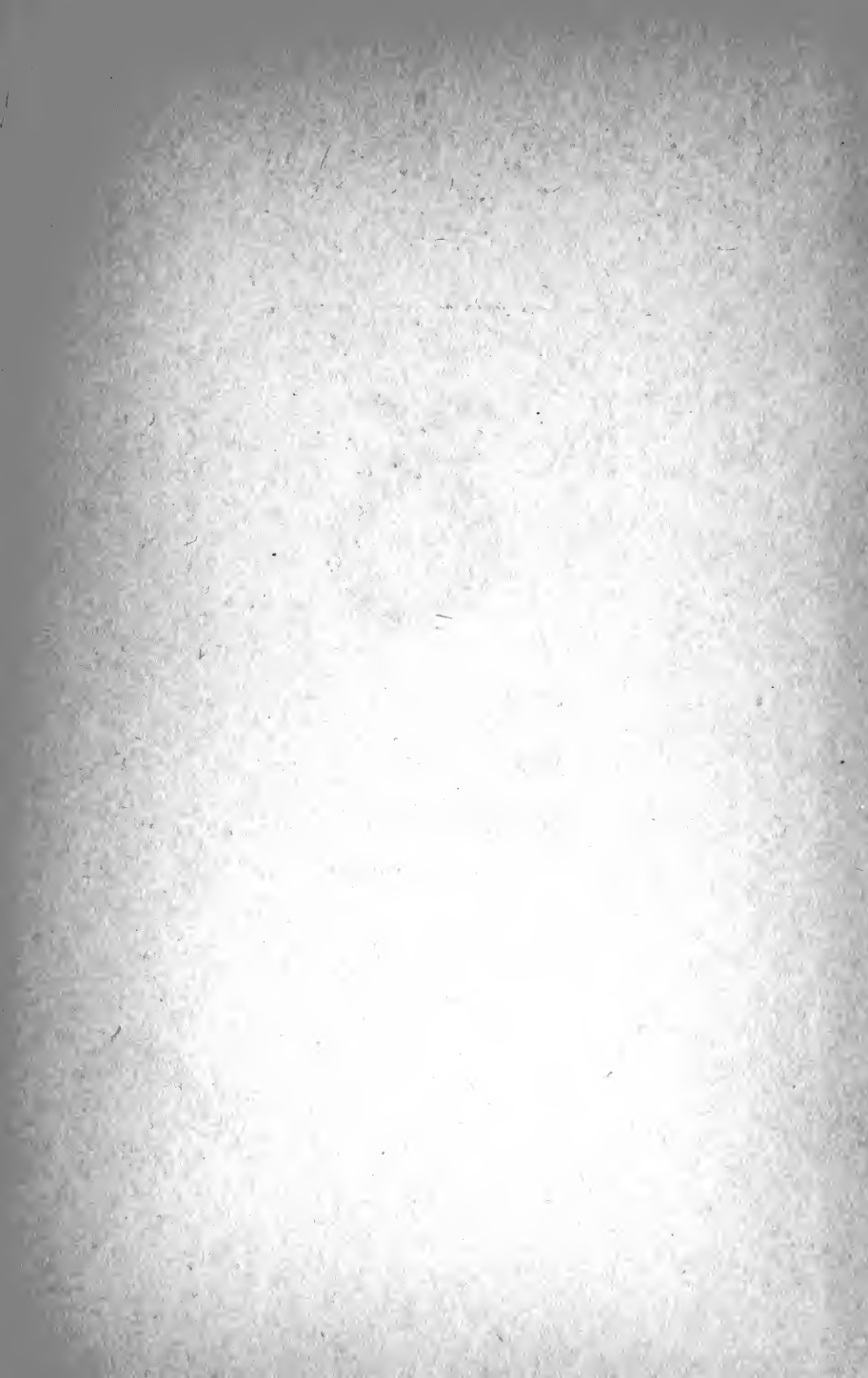


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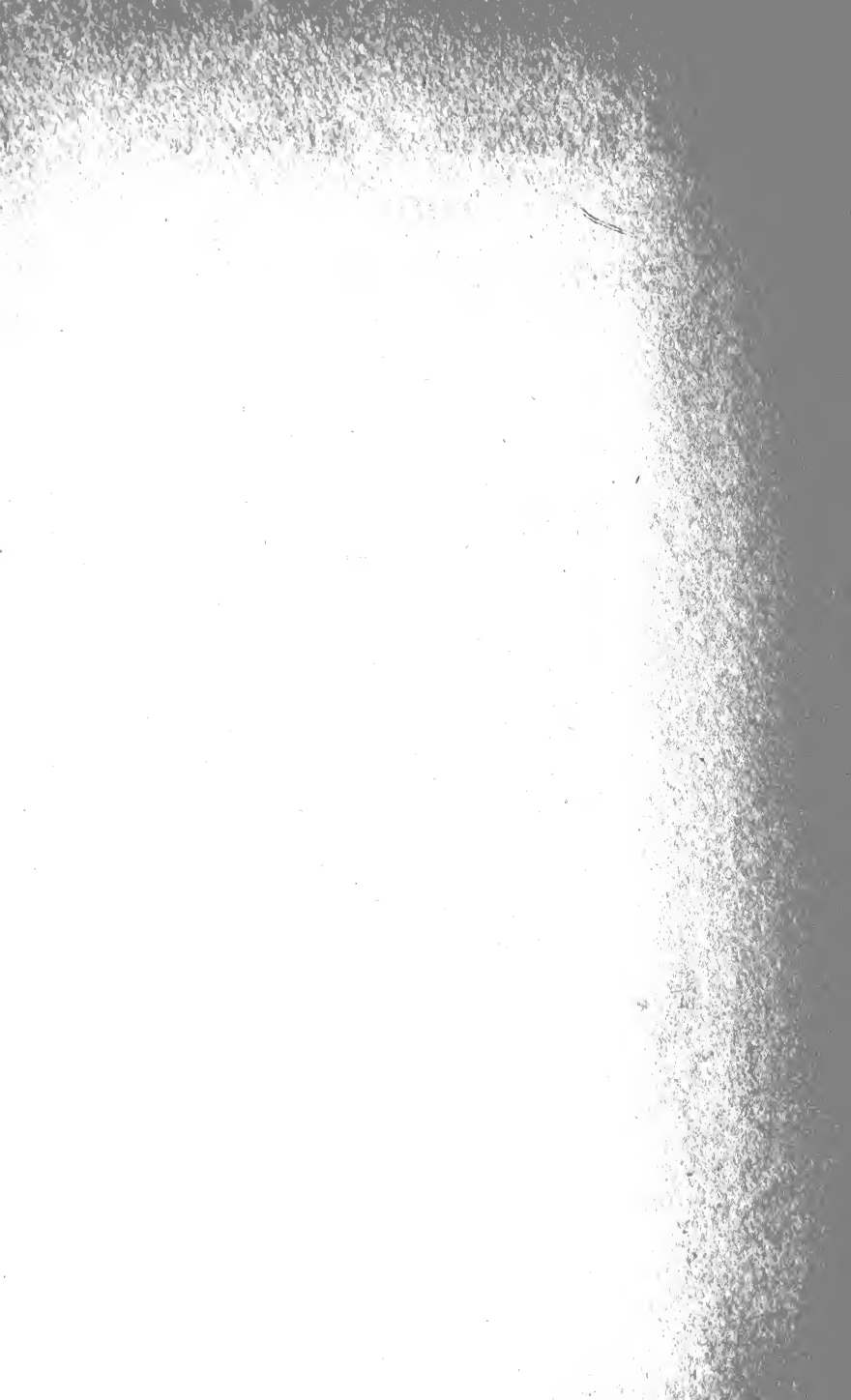
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A Handful of Flowers with Sprays of Evergreen

BY
AMASA S. CONDON, M.D.



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TO
THE MEMORY OF HER WHO
CAME INTO MY LIFE AS
SUNSHINE INTO A MORN-
ING OF UNCERTAIN PROMISE
AND TO
THE RECOLLECTIONS OF HER
SWEET WAYS WHICH HAVE
BEEN AN ENCOURAGEMENT
AND INSPIRATION FOR WHAT-
EVER OF BENEFIT I MAY
HAVE BEEN TO THE WORLD
DO I LOVINGLY DEDICATE
THIS LITTLE VOLUME

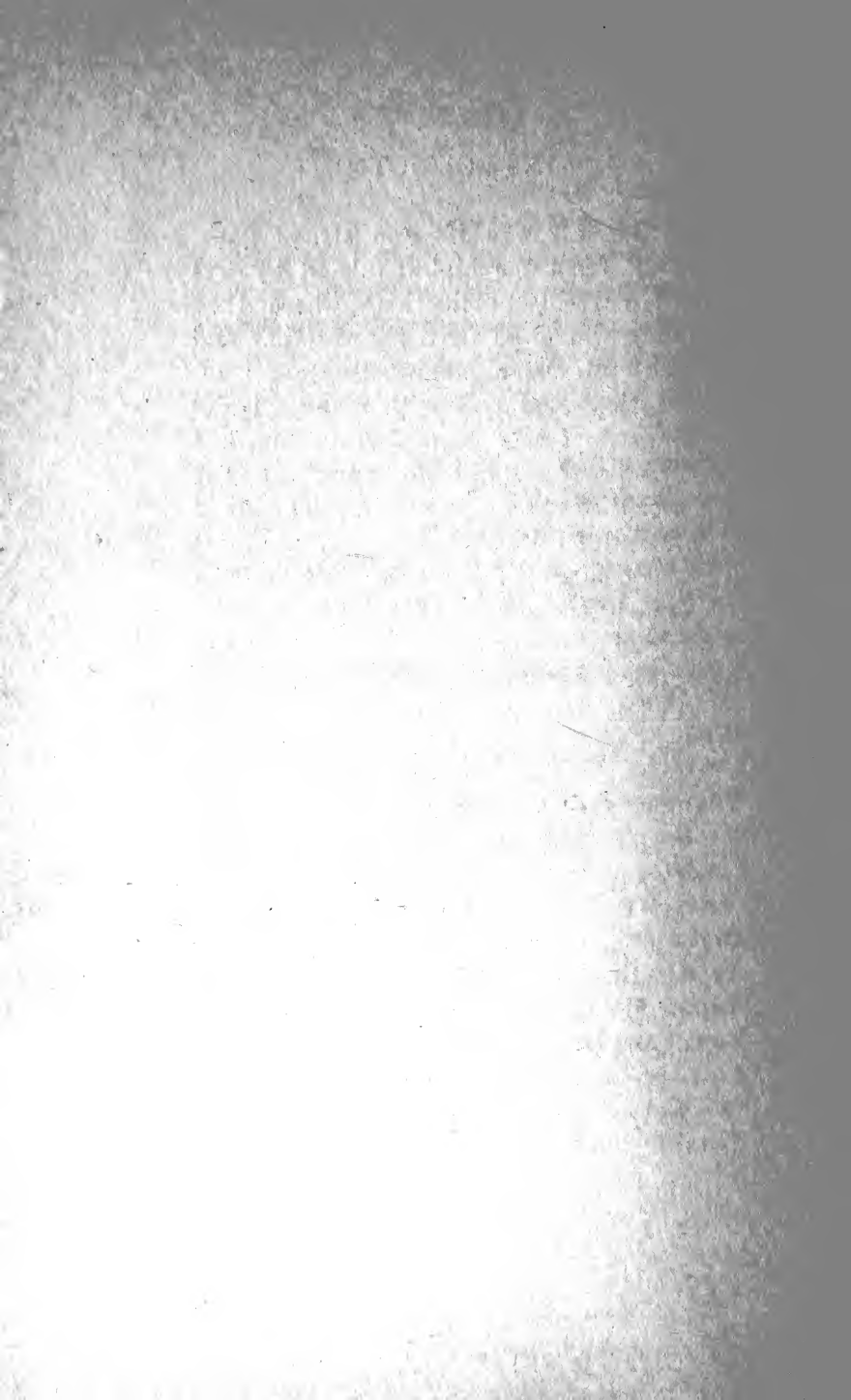
INTRODUCTION

These are waifs and strays gathered from the highways and byways of current publications where they have wandered from time to time and with always a compassionate consideration, and now with many misgivings do I send them forth again, but this time hand in hand to meet a larger world of strangers who are not always merciful critics.

Some of these poems were written among the somber pines of Maine and along her sounding shores where the author was born and reared, and in the camps of the soldiers while serving as surgeon during the Spanish-American war, and also among the eternal hills and mountains of the far West. The writing of them has been a recreation of pleasure, when other affairs did not press, and the wish is great that a perusal of them may afford an hour's enjoyment to the reader. I ask for these wayfarers an indulgent sympathy of the public.

THE AUTHOR.

Ogden, Utah, 1913.

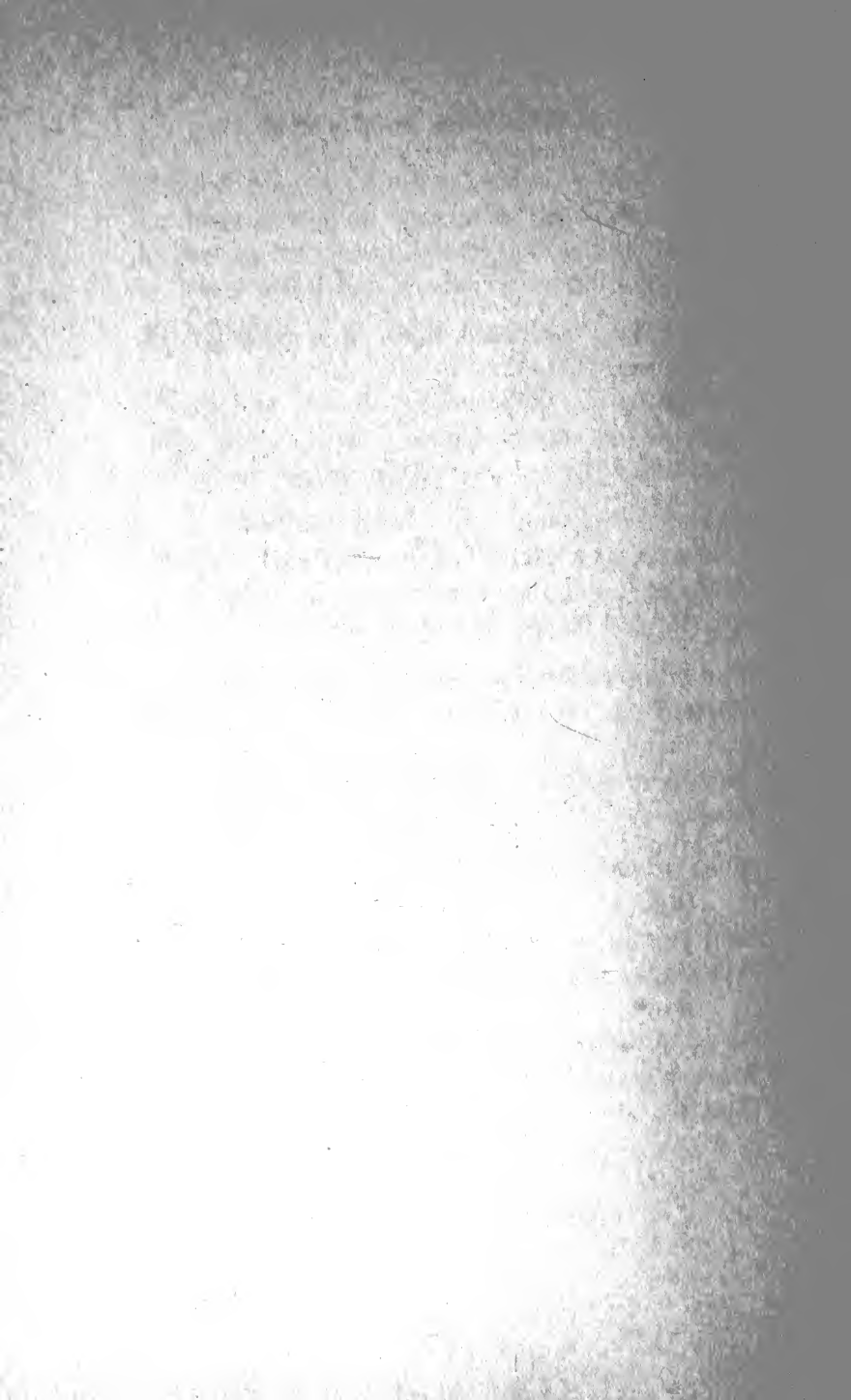


CONTENTS

	PAGE
CHRISTMAS MORNING	1
LIFE—A CONTEMPLATION	4
ALLEN LISTER LOVEY	7
ROBERT BURNS	10
THE WANTON DESTRUCTION OF SONG BIRDS .	13
JUSTICE AND MERCY	15
MOUNT OGDEN	20
HAGAR	22
MEMORIAL DAY	26
IDA AND ISIDOR	28
MORNING AND NIGHT	30
THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE . . .	32
ON THE DEATH OF EUGENE FIELD . . .	37
A SUMMER IDYL	39
LINES TO A FRIEND ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE	43
JUNE	44
FAREWELL TO THE "KEARSARGE" . . .	46
THE SERGEANT'S STORY	49
TO MY MOTHER	57
LINCOLN	59
"LEST WE FORGET: LEST WE FORGET" . .	65
DOG-DAYS	68
AT THE GRAVE OF THE GRAND MASTER .	70
AMONG MY BOOKS	72
THE LAMENT	76
LINES ON THE BURIAL OF A MISANTHROPE .	79
" <i>Le Roi est Mort: Vive le Roi</i> " . . .	80
TWINS	84

	PAGE
THE AUTUMN LANDSCAPE PAINTER . . .	88
TO WHITTIER	93
TO LOTTIE M—— AND OLIVER R—— . .	95
A REVERIE	97
A VISIT TO THE OLD HOMESTEAD AFTER MANY YEARS	100
THE BUILDING OF A STATE	103
THE VOICE OF PITY IN SUMMERTIME . .	107
OLD SCHOOL DAYS AND SCENES IN MAINE .	110
THE MOSS-LINED SPRING OF THE PIONEER GIVES WAY TO THE NEW CONDITIONS .	113
THE SPIRIT OF '76	118
BOYHOOD	120
A PLUNGE AT SYRACUSE IN GREAT SALT LAKE	123
TO AN ENGLISH SPARROW THAT DISTURBS MY MORNING SLUMBERS	124
A THUNDER-STORM AMONG THE MOUNTAINS .	126
THE GRAVE ON THE ISLAND	129
THE PIONEERS—1847	134
JAMES RANDOLPH ROOT—ENGINEER . . .	139

**A HANDFUL OF FLOWERS
WITH SPRAYS OF EVERGREEN**



CHRISTMAS MORNING

"I AM happy to-day," cried Floss with delight,
As the morning's effulgence of golden light
Coaxed sleep away from a sweet young face
Where no fingers of sorrow had left a trace.

Santa Claus had been there in a midnight of
storm,

And found her snug cuddled all cozy and warm;
Now the sun was a-peeping both jolly and wise,
And kissed the red lips till she opened her eyes!

Her shy wee canary, just over the bed,
Low warbled a carol; "Good morning!" it said.
And Carlo and Pussy both came in to see
A little girl happy as happy can be!

The billowy snow on woodland and plain
Foamed up on the wind like the sea's hoary
mane,

And the sad little birdies, with stockingless feet,
Looked shyly about for something to eat!

Then Flossie sprang down from her comforty
bed,

And this is about what the dear creature said:
"O Papa, last night when the darkness came
down

And the lights were a-twinkle all over the town,
I sat on your knee — your own darling pet,
And the stories you told I shall never forget;

You said Santa Claus, in his buffalo skin
And beaver cap snugly tied under the chin,
Would come down the chimney and into the
house

With a big load of toys — and still as a
mouse —

And all the night wander from door unto door
(Though sometimes forgetting the homes of the
poor) ;

And you said that a stable was Baby Christ's
home

Where to his poor cradle the angels would
come,

And so once a year the Christmas bells ring
For the world to attend while the angels sing;
And you said that the feathery snows in the
air

Were flowers from the wreaths that the angels
wear,

And the tossing drifts were their Christmas
dress: —

O Papa, don't laugh, for I dreamed it, I guess! "

.

O God! In Life's battle of tumult and din,
May angels preserve these and guard them from
sin!

In the sunken paths where the unwary slip,

And the chalice of Hope is dashed from the
lip;

In the tempests of Life, its tumult and din,
O Father! may angels protect these from sin!

LIFE — A CONTEMPLATION

THE drowsy sun lies pillowed on a cloud,
And o'er the lea the twilight shadows creep,
And softly as a babe's unconscious smile,
All nature seeks the sweet repose of sleep.

The vagrant winds laugh wanton through the
dusk,
And brooks are singing on their seaward
way,
And the old meadows waft the clover's breath,
To bathe with fragrant balm the dying day.

The lamps of night come lighted one by one,
And splendors fill the widespread arch above;
So coy they twinkle in the gathering night,
Like young eyes kindle when they dream of
love.

The low, green islands in the distant sea
Lie snuggled in the ocean's warm embrace;
And wavelets play about their grassy couch,
But on its floor their footprints leave no
trace.

The scene is changed! Amidst the velvet
leaves
Once more the birds awake their morning
hymns,
And from his bed of roses in the east,
The King of Day stretches his royal limbs.

Again the sentient world moves on apace
To greet the offerings of the teeming earth;
The skyward lark inspires the thinking mind,—
“A better life comes from this newer birth.”

And what is life? Go ask the ceaseless stars
Whose boundless realms are part of God's
own clime;
'Tis vain! No answer fills the silent void;
The stars are voiceless as the grave of Time.

Go ask the endless seasons as they roll,—
Ask Winter as he flings his haggled locks
In Spring's young face! The blustering winds
Pass heedless on with blare that seeming
mocks.

Go ask the laughing Summer while she makes
Her bed in sly and perfumed bowers,
While joy and beauty crown her radiant brows,
And all her paths are strewn with lovely flow-
ers.

Go ask the man whose heart beats high with
hope,
Whose every way in life with joy is blest;
And him whose hourglass runneth low and fast
Where trend his footsteps to his final rest.

Ask, too, the cooing babe whose rosebud palms
Would feel the hurt of Zephyr's wayward
sting;

(But, O, the strength those little fingers have,
They wield a scepter mightier than a king).

This problem each must answer for himself;
To be! The wheel of Time crushes each day
Unnumbered lives, and in Death's crucible
The very kings are naught but common clay.

To live is to inspire some sinking heart
When trodden by the mad and heedless
throng,—
To help the wanderer groping on without a
guide,
In treacherous paths of ignorance and wrong.

But mark the home of poverty and want,
Where wretched walls are cheerless, cold and
bare,—
Despise it not, O thou vainglorious man,
For thou mayst sometime find a hero there.

ALLEN LISTER LOVEY

Allen Lister Lovey was a western artist of great promise. He died suddenly of a pulmonary hemorrhage. He died in his wife's arms while vainly trying to sing "Auld Lang Syne," and while yet his shadow was falling toward his unclouded west. He was my friend, and one most lovable.

'Tis best when life is at the full,
When the red tide is all aglow,
And the new day is beautiful,
That one should go.

Just when she wakes, the languid South,
To stir with life the quickening earth,
And zephyrs from her fragrant mouth
Give buds their birth.

But not when hoar the Autumn comes,
And Summer's prime is in the sheaf,
And cares oppress and age benumbs,
And life is grief.

'Tis better in the quest for Fame,
While nearing still the dizzy height
Whereon to carve a deathless name,
Should fall the night.

O, not where snows forever are,
Where scarce a voice the silence knew,
Would the lorn pilgrim wish to fare
A lone night through.

Better the dew than evening frost,
The morning rose with perfume yet,
Ere only the dead husk is lost
Without regret.

O, no! Not when the sluggish vein
Is chill and slow with waning years,
And the brow torn with fret and pain
Is wet with tears.

What if a few for thee sore grieve,—
'Tis but a short though troublous day,
And when life's web the weavers weave,
They'll go thy way.

Death called to thee amidst the throng
That ceaseless tread life's weary track,
And in Love's ecstasy of song
Answered thou back.

Parrhasius fain would give a throne,
Or die to catch the limner's art,
Could he but paint a dying groan,
Or breaking heart.

Thy brush ne'er learned the cynic's sneer,
Nor knew to sketch a hurt or sting,
Nor caused to flow a piteous tear,
The soul's great offering.

I bring this humble wreath; poor thing
It is, nor fit for kingly brows;
Thou knowst 'tis all I have to bring!
He lives and knows.

ROBERT BURNS

In commemoration of the anniversary of his birth

“Wild heather bells and Robert Burns;
The moorland flower and peasant;
How at their mention, memory turns,
To pages old and pleasant.”

WHITTIER.

DEAR muse lang syne of Robert Burns
Inspire the old-time spirit
Of Scotland, as this day returns,
That we the same inherit;
Lest we forget, let's live again
Those halcyon heydays over,
When thrummed the crickets in the grain,
The bees among the clover.

Awake once more the songs he sung,
Haply their burthen tarry,
Of Bonny Doon, the braes among,
And winsome Highland Mary,—
E'en though the birds on ilka spray
Pour floods of pastoral splendor,
Above where time slow wastes away
Their fellow minstrel tender.

O Plowman in thy wakeless sleep,
The constant world still lingers
With longing heart to hear thee sweep
Thy harp with magic fingers,—

The harp that charmed the listening hills
Bathed in the twilight's gloaming,
And gave a voice to wimpling rills,
Where fallow deer were roaming.

As then across the hollow sky
The lark is heavenward winging,
Pouring such notes of ecstasy
That heaven with joy is ringing;
For thou hast made of common things
The highest and most holy,
Leveled the pomp of priests and kings,
And crowned the meek and lowly.

That star serene whose lessening ray
Gave morn its early greeting
Still pales as when that fateful day
Beheld the farewell meeting
Of two, beneath the hawthorn hoar,—
Two hearts with one expression,
Whose flower of love would bloom no more
In the garden of confession.

The world applauds while Scotia names
The lesson and the teacher,
And from her Olivet proclaims
The sermon and the preacher;
Thy runic songs, O tuneful Ayr,
Still tell of ancient glory,
Thy banks and braes are still as fair,
But who'll recite the story!

When woke thy harp the clouds of grief
Were fringed with sunshine golden,
Old scenes forgot turned leaf by leaf
To vistas sweet and olden,
And fairer grew the face of toil,
The middens turned to bowers,
The prince was he who tilled the soil,
And wreathed his plow with flowers.

“ And if at times an evil thought,”
To baser self appealing,
Betrayed the harmful thing that ought
To die without revealing,
We’ll not forget that man is dust
This side the heavenly portal,
And “ to be fashed wi’ fleshly lust ”
Is proof he’s only mortal.

Where joy abounds with wings outspread,
Or lovers’ hearts be broken,—
In every land where words are said,
Thy name be gently spoken;
So, sing to-night the songs he sung,
Haply their burthen tarry,
Of Bonny Doon, the braes among,
And winsome Highland Mary.

THE WANTON DESTRUCTION OF SONG BIRDS

“So great has been the demand of milliners for feather
plumes that some specimens of song-birds have become
nearly extinct.” *Eastern paper.*

SWEET warbler of the sun-kissed cloud,
Whose blithe song ushers in the day
When Morning lifts Night's sable shroud,
And the gray vapors float away —
Mayst thou be safe from foes concealed,
Dear Minstrel of the sky and field.

Else, angel of the vocal wood,
No more to thy pathetic breast
Will nestle close the hapless brood
That waits thee in their orphan nest;
Naught but the starveling's home is left
When of thy loving care bereft.

Thy happy mate once clove the air,
And joyous swept the glorious sky
In realms afar from earthly care,
Bathed in the dew-wet clouds on high;
But now in spurious colors dressed,
His mantle decks some haughty crest!

Dear Soul! Didst fold thy shattered wing
To hide the sickness of the heart,
And thy faint throat essay to sing

To dull the keen and cruel smart,
And longing gaze to heaven's deep blue
That once thy happy presence knew!

'Twas Fashion's law! It should have blest
Thyself, and holy gift of song;
Instead, she viewed thy blood sprent breast,
Unconscious of the cruel wrong!
Whene'er her iron will bears sway
The world must clear the hindered way.

Her jewels mar the fairest hand,
And, useless, stain the whitest brow;
At her imperious command
The teeming throngs of earth must bow;
Nor does she hear of Mercy's name
In the hot race for noisy Fame.

Methinks the buds the angels kiss
Till fresh, and fair, and fully blown,
Would fain redeem a world like this,
And ransom all from Fashion's throne!
The wayside flowers are sweetest gems
Of all earth's splendid diadems.

JUSTICE AND MERCY

On hearing a sermon defending the justice of
God's anger

HIGH over the universe gleaming,
When the face of the earth was new,
And the blades of the new-born grasses
Were bathed with the virgin dew,
There was hung the Sword of Justice,
For the coming world to view.

The inscription there was written
By the breath of the living God;
It lit the shimmering waters,
And the mountains, granite shod,
And blazed o'er the arid desert,
And scorched the pregnant sod.

It rivaled the fires of tophet,
Or the sun in his noonday glare,
And drove from the new creation
The sweetness of earth and air,
And the wild beasts crept with terror
To the deeps of their rocky lair.

It gave to the world an edict,
(Decreed on its natal morn),
That should carry a measureless sorrow
To all that is human born,

And never a love-coaxing blossom,
But only a pestilent thorn.

But see! In the Orient beaming,
And fresh from his regal bed,
Comes the sun in his laughing glory
To scatter his golden thread,
And to shake his yellow quiver
Till every shaft be sped.

For a form in the guise of a Seraph
Sprang glad to the arms of Day,
And the charm of her blithesome beauty
Drove the lingering shades away,—
The gloom that was woven of vapor,
That over the new world lay.

Her face was the face of an Angel,
With the blush of an ocean shell,
And her hair like a burning comet
O'er the new-fledged shoulders fell,
And her eyes had the splendid luster
Of the orbs of our own gazelle.

She staid not her footsteps, nor faltered
Till she stood midst the heavenly throng,
And hushed with the mien of her presence
The harp and the sweet voice of song,
And poured forth her soul's tearful pleading
The courts of the Angels along.

“ O Father of earth and of heaven,
I have come to Thy sacred door
To plead in behalf of the millions
That will people Thy planet o'er,
When the sons of men will outnumber
The sands on the ocean shore.

“ They will shrink from Thy Sword of Justice
That will strike with a hungry blade,
They will fright in the heat of thy passion
Afar from Thy love's grateful shade,
And mourning and sorrow will follow
Where the sword of Thy anger is laid.

“ But I'll cling to the cause of my brother,
If the voice of the tempter call,
Though bound with a burning fetter,
Or fenced by a flaming wall,
And will peril my soul for his rescue,
Though a thousand times he fall.

“ When the siren of Folly whispers
I will stop his listening ears,
And will dash from his lips the chalice
That damns while its poison cheers,
And kiss from his lips the juices
That will turn in his heart to tears.

“ I will visit the wanton’s palace
And shoulder my sister’s blame,
And will point to the path of safety,
And plead in Thy holy name,
And gather at last in my bosom
The wrongs of her bitter shame.

“ I will stand in the Judge’s chambers
By the felon tied in chains,
And my pity shall melt the iron
While a hope for the doomed remains,
And pray by the block that is smoking,
And reeking with gory stains.

“ I will visit the loathsome dungeon,
And kneel in the filthy cell,
And my white lips will not tremble
While they plead a magic spell
For the steel-clad heart of the jailor,
With the tender words they tell.

“ And the shameless mouth of Scandal
I will feed with other food,
Till the viper breed of Slander
Will devour its own foul brood,
And I’ll plant the sweet forget-me-not
Where the tree of Discord stood.

“ And under the Sword of Justice
Will I lay my quivering cheek,
That the coward may have courage,
And strength be given the weak,
And the stammering tongue be loosened,
And the dumb with fear, shall speak.”

So saying, the Seraph departed,
While the Angels in heaven wept,
And back to their sulphurous caverns
The plotters of vengeance crept,
And there in the bleak desolation
The tempests of bitterness slept.

And ever since man was created,
And placed midst pleasures and care,
Have the lips of forgiving Mercy
Been pleading this suppliant prayer
When the Sword of Justice impended,
“ O Father, have pity, and spare.”

MOUNT OGDEN

AN APOSTROPHE

GIANT of adamant! What hand of mighty
power

Lifts to the sky thy granite-anchored tower,
And writ the tale with dies of common grime,
And hid it in the cenotaph of Time!

Who heard the thundering centuries round thee
tread!

Now lips are dust, and voiceless are their dead!

Who the swart Atlas of promethean brawn
That held thee in his arms since earliest dawn!
What Vulcan's forge first felt the living fire
That wrought the ribs of thy majestic spire,
And sealed thy crypts till Time shall be no
more,

That none may understand, and none explore!
Whose the deft fingers of the limner bold
That keep thee young, when eons count thee
old!

What sprite, invisible to mortal eye,
Maintains thee so, while the spent years go by!
Who, tranquil, views this scene that slow de-
cays,

Thou derelict from unremembered days!

Puissant Cyclops, of a world-old reign,—
Compared to thee, the works of man how vain!
For, though the ages round thee throb and
 beat,
And sleep forgotten at thy hoary feet,
Thou art since order out of chaos grew,
Nor Winters blight, nor Springs thy youth re-
 new!

No feudal lord of prior rights disputes
Thy scepter of eternal attributes!
Still, when the nights of ghostly shadows spread
Their palls of gloom about thy wrinkled head,—
Still, sleepless, guard the city's silent gates,
Where lusty life the crimson morning waits!

HAGAR

UPROSE Aurora from the sleeping wave,
And blushed the while her face reflected there,
Nor wondered that all men should praise it so;
And lightly vaulting to her chariot,
Swift sped her steed the fading stars among,
And as she went with rosy fingers plucked
Night's sable veil aside, and all the hills
Of green-clad Palestine stood there revealed
In purpling glories.

Now flamed the kindling lamp of day above
The dark West's lessening rim and gilded
Hebron's hoar façades, and wrought with magic
Brush on minarets, and domes, and erstwhile
Silent mosques, and rained a flood of light
Through her deserted streets. The sacerdotal
Chant of cinctured priests wailed low along
The sinuous aisles and through the vaulted
Naves. The victim bound beside the smoking
 block
Saw gyve and knife and sacrificial fire,
And knew his hour was come.

Before his open tent on velvet turf
The ruminating herds of Abram fared,
And midst the scene grief-stricken Hagar
Stood alone, save him whose bitter taunt
Derided Israel's heir because of Sarah's

Envious hate. With scornful mien the haughty
Hebrew bade her where the skies and mocking
Shadows met, and killed her with a word.
Before her stretched Beersheba's naked wastes.
Ere her unwilling feet the drifting sands
Strode o'er, her ashen lips thus spake:

"I was a virgin when my fresh young face
Peered from the horde of Pharaoh's bonded
race;
The breast I nursed, defiled by slavish chains,
Embrued the blood that courses through my
veins.

"The homesick eagle in a gilded den
Cries to the heights beyond the human ken;
He beats his bars when calls the distant scream
From far-off aeries where the lightnings gleam.

"The prisoned lark, God's own sweet child of
glee,
Sings though its heart is breaking to be free —
All that has life, and bred on Nature's plan,
Loves Liberty, from worm to peerless man.

"I woke when life's small day was just begun,
To have a glimpse of Freedom's holy sun;
The ray so brief was like a miser's dole,—
It only drove the iron deeper in my soul.

“ To deck thy throne, nor recked the subject’s
scorn,
You plucked the rose but left the hurtful thorn ;
To cure the ache that whelms the heart with
grief,
You bind the fetters with a withered leaf.

“ The whirlwind that I reap by you was sown —
The flower you gleaned was dead e’er fully
blown ;
Thy false words cry from out Truth’s sunless
grave,
And curse me with the shame that I’m a slave!

“ O pitying God! Forbear the destined fate
That yokes my life with undeserving hate!
O let these tears, the contrite heart I bear,
Go up and plead — Thou wilt in mercy spare!

“ And I must leave the dream of love behind,
And pour my hapless wail upon the wind
To bear it onward to some jungled lea,
Where beasts, predaceous like yourself, are free.

“ For this obedience to the will of God
My recompense is His chastising rod —
The only balm for the envenomed smart
Is to renounce the birthright of my heart!

“ Rather than that I dare eternal death
In gulfs surcharged of Sheol’s fetid breath;
Aye, though the Furies, choked with vengeful
 wrath,
Sowed hissing serpents in my wandering path!

“ There is no passion equals mother love,
Not even God’s, nor anything above;
Ere I’d forsake my child in heaven to dwell,
Rather my bed with him in endless hell!

“ Sweet Angel Hope, farewell! By thee un-
 blest,
I lay my cheek upon thy withered breast;
Fading thou art like driftwood from the land —
Fading like mists dissolving o’er the land!”

No more she said! Like some nomadic sprite
She went an outcast to a hopeless night,
While the coarse garb that Semite women wear
But scarce concealed a form superbly fair.

On vagrant brambles hid along the way,
In drifting sands that o’er the desert lay,
She toiled unmindful of the painful spur —
What in this hour is thorn-torn flesh to her!

Her face, tear-blistered of a nameless woe,
Was set toward Shur, a journey long and slow,
The sun her guide by day, the stars by night,
And Ishmael sole companion of her flight.

MEMORIAL DAY

HAIL, glad-eyed May! Thy brow is crowned
with flowers

From best that God's conservatories hold;
Weave holiest chaplets from those splendid bow-
ers,

And all the dust we loved in life enfold.

Thy gift endows a country's noblest dead,
Now wasting slow in Time's dissolving hand
Where'er the lone wayfarer makes his bed,
Who once was guardian of a hallowed land.

Nor let the heart, though now but senseless clay,
Be conscious of neglect lest clay may feel;
What matter if it wore the blue or gray,
Or ventured its conviction to conceal.

For now one flag is ours from sea to sea,
And who is valiant when the strife is on,
Nor like a slave bows low the suppliant's knee,
Forgets the hurt when the vexed mood is
gone.

O seraph month! Thy wild sweet roses bloom
To make of earth the counterpart of heaven;
Breathe thy ambrosial breath upon their tomb,
Theirs was more worth than all that wealth
hath given.

Forget not those who sleep midst tangled brake,
Or cypress swamp, or in magnolia's shade;
'Twas there no turf concealed the heart's last
ache,
Nor tears baptized the consecrated spade.

Make thou, O glorious May, their floral bed;
Thy generous hand is richer for the giving;
Thy mercy may not reach the unfeeling dead,
But wafts to them a tribute from the living.

IDA AND ISIDOR

And Ruth said to Naomi: "Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried."

SHE heard the summons and was not afraid,—
Looked in the eyes of Death still undismayed;
"In life thyself was all in all to me,
And at its close we will not parted be."

So the frail woman, now on God's white scroll,
Kept by his side to comfort and console,
As though her presence in that hour of dread
Would stay his strength when every hope was
dead.

There in his arms upon the ocean's floor,
Till suns and stars shall set to rise no more,
She'll sleep content while cycles ebb and flow,
Where in old days she nestled, long ago.

The seaweed-wreaths that twine the sodden hair
Supplant the rose his hand once hallowed there,
But rarest gems from Triton's weird abode
Are less than those the lover once bestowed.

To such as these there is no end! Their dust
Is soil whence springs a strong race and a just;
In death's dark night they two could under-
stand

The mutual answer to Love's sweet command.

The world is better that they lived and died,—
This world where Love is daily crucified;
And when these passed to everlasting rest,
Fame wrote their names among the brave and
best.

Isidor Straus and Ida his wife, persons over sixty years of age, were passengers on board the steamer *Titanic* when she encountered an iceberg off Cape Race in April, 1912, and soon was submerged, and carried down with her more than sixteen hundred persons. The women and children were ordered into the life-boats that were not of sufficient capacity to accommodate all on board. About seven hundred were saved. Mrs. Ida Straus was ordered into a boat by the officers, but she absolutely refused to leave her husband, and when her husband insisted that she go she threw her arm around him and said: "We have been together, Isidor, a good many years and I will not leave you now," and both of them went down with the steamer.

MORNING AND NIGHT

Two joyous children in the bracken playing,—
She of unbound hair, he of eager eyes,—
And both enchanted through the wildwood
 straying,
With cheeks of tan, caught from the way-
 ward skies.

Two lovers, while the honeyed hours are speed-
 ing,
Walk hand in hand the fateful brook beside,
His fervent speech Love's sweet arraignment
 pleading,
She listening to the words half mystified.

Two hearts beat fast before the kind old
 preacher,
And troths are sealed o'er plighted hands;
They two, as one, hark to the reverend teacher:
 "Act well your parts, that's all the world de-
 mands."

Two bending o'er an elfin babe that's sleeping,
Whose breathing soft the conscious covers
 lift,—
Kiss the pink cheek the silky lashes sweeping,
And refuge give a wanton limb adrift.

Two stricken watchers in the midnight solemn
Close with love's lingering touch unanswering
eyes,—

Grief in the darkness builds a broken column,
Whose presence aye will be their paradise.

Two figures silent and with troubled faces
Bedew with tears the loving summer's
bloom,—

Leave on the little mound affection's traces,
Known only to the Angel of the tomb.

Two forms fare up the stony path uneven,
Their frost-locks shining in the Autumn's
glow,—

They know the heights are whitest nearest
heaven,
And tenderest violets love the line of snow.

No more will tears the little mound make
greener,

Their love no more refresh the fading sod,—
The reapers quit the field, and Death is gleaner,
But quickening Spring will wake the fallow
clod.

THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE

At Union Depot, Ogden, Utah, November 5, 1888.

This incident marked a great day for Ogden. A rustic, rudimentary structure had been in use since the first transcontinental railroad came down into this valley on its way to the Golden Gate. Petitions imploring the railroad companies to make adequate provision for the growing business of the town and vicinity were met with promises that were not kept. At last Ogden gave signs of breaking away from village conditions and taking on the responsibilities of a city. Then the three or four railroads that by this time were here began to take serious action looking for proper freight and passenger accommodations. Matters progressed with spirit till the final consummation of November 5, 1888.

This was a great day for Ogden, for it brought the town into popular notice. Never were so many people here before. It was estimated that between twenty and thirty thousand persons were present. The ceremony of laying the corner stone devolved on the Grand Lodge of Masons and they invited Hon. Parley Williams of Salt Lake City to deliver the oration, and Dr. A. S. Condon of Ogden to dedicate the proposed building with a poem. Following is the poem, which was placed in a mortice in the corner stone, together with the oration, the several newspapers of current date, and coins and other specimens of money used at that time.

SINCE first in Hellas Delphic temples rose,
Hard by the rock whence old Castalia flows,
Set rich with gems and carved ornately fair,
Memorial fanes are builded everywhere;
And in that time of wars and selfish prides
Men and their gods had little else besides;
As if obedient to the genii's wand,

High reared the pagan shrines in every land;
But though for ages worshiped and revered,
They, and their builders, sank and disappeared.

But years roll on and the dark womb of earth
Feels once again the thrills and pangs of birth!
Their epic lost, now rescued from decay,
The plowshare turns them to the light of day.
And oracle and sage their art combine
To solve the riddle of the hid design,—
To tell from relics in Oblivion's grave
Which bones were king and which his toiling
slave,—

What secret thoughts and passions swayed man-
kind

When these poor wrecks possessed a human
mind!

But still they kept their secrets half untold
Of those barbaric splendors manifold.

To-day, along those lines of ancient things,
A multitude of uncrowned queens and kings
Slow the quick pulses of a busy day,
To gather here, with ready hands to lay
A corner stone to Commerce and to Trade.
“And by this act is sanctified and made
A holy shibboleth to honest Toil,
By this free gift of Corn, and Wine, and Oil!”
So spake the Master while he poured these three,
And all the Craft replied: “So mote it be.”

On this strong rock a fabric bold will rise
To be a pledge to future enterprise:
Impatient feet will tread these conscious floors,
And pampered wealth crowd all its willing
doors!
From these will Toil, hard-handed, wring the
wealth
That clothes the form with grace, the brawn
with health,—
The sun's first beams will kiss its stately dome,
Kiss back Good Night, through twilight fading
home.

Through crumbling years may this good temple
stand
The honest glory of a favored land;
Be it a gem fit setting for a crown
To girt the brow of this ambitious town;
Inspiring all her citizens to feel
One mighty purpose, one untiring zeal!

On thee, Fair City, all our hopes are staid,—
Still young in years, albeit a blithesome maid
Just bowing from life's fascinating stage
To plaudits of a world of riper age,—
Rule from this hour the hills and lake between,
Put by thy dolls, to-day we hail thee Queen,
And all between thy gates shall thrive,
And through thy streets swarm Traffic's busy
hive.

The spirit of these hills, whose cascades roar
Down rocky channels to our Dead Sea's shore,
Will rouse our winsome maiden till her name
Eternal bright adds to the scroll of Fame;
And He who over all His works set Man
Helps him who helps augment His glorious
plan.

Want, if in rags and wretched with despair,
Will garb herself with robes the thrifty wear;
Nor will the beggar hold his fleshless palms
To lure capricious dole from pitying alms;
He now will see across the smiling sky
Hope's symbolized oriflamme, advanced full high!

Years will sweep on, and all who are to-day
Chilled by life's gathering night will pass away,
And Time's detritus fill this basin to a plain,
And rasp the mountains level as the main; —
Maybe this pile, eroded by the rust,
Will hide in chambers of forgotten dust,
Till, in a future day, will come a race of men
To weave our raveled texture o'er again!
Then other pioneers may seek this sod,
And others follow where our feet have trod,
And the old earth, renewed once more, be blest
By a Young Empire, risen in the West!

Who knows! Some pilgrim musing on this
spot,
And pointing moral from an age forgot,
May marvel at the débris at his feet
That grinding earthquakes vexed from its re-
treat,—
Will fancy here is Thebes, “or Cairo by the
Sea,”
Or some lost city of antiquity,—
Will conjure, with a wizard’s hand to guide,
Sink down a shaft these moldy stones beside,—
Seize on this rock and split its seams apart,
And draw our record from its flinty heart,
But to his soul ’twill never be revealed
How much of hope, to us, the rock concealed.

ON THE DEATH OF EUGENE FIELD

Eugene Field, the children's Hans Andersen of America, died suddenly on a lounge at his home in Chicago of heart failure, while waiting for a train to convey him to an evening lecture at a neighboring town. "Pittypat and Tippytoe" were two bright children given these pet names by their father, the poet, but they died in childhood and are immortalized in one of his sweetest poems. The poet was a friend of this author.

DEAD he lay, where erst was rife
All the lusty ways of life!
Dead! While all the house alive
Kept on throbbing like a hive;
Sad-eyed flitted to and fro
"Pittypat and Tippytoe."

Never mortal ear could hear
Their soft tread when they drew near;
Nor them creeping overhead,
Seeking sad their trundlebed;
Nor the faint sob, smothered low,
Of "Pittypat and Tippytoe."

O the grief, intense, profound,
When the mournful news went round! —
Went throughout the land afar,
"Heaven has added one more star";
And the low-voiced nursery said,
"Childhood's sweetest friend is dead."

Who will now with magic wand
Soothe to sleep in Babyland!
For thy heart, as strong as oak,
Cradled worlds of little folk —
Cradled two we loved to know,
“Pittypat and Tippytoe.”

Who will share the griefs and funs
Of the jolly little ones?
Ah, for them is blotted out
All thy sunshine brought about!
Ah, for them has gone away
Thou who blest their passing day.

Now, while Autumn's cheerful vine
Pours the horn of yellow wine,
And the harvest's golden sheaves
Hide beneath the drifting leaves,
Thou in mantle of the night
Waiteth for the morning light.

And we never must forget,
Till our life's last sun is set,
That the tapers bright must burn
Round the ashes in thy urn,
For through thee we came to know
“Pittypat and Tippytoe.”

A SUMMER IDYL

O THE air seemed from a furnace
When we mowed the billowy grain,
And built a golden pyramid
On the wide, old-fashioned wain.

The impassioned sun went weary
To bed in the fading West,
And the lamps of night were kindled
O'er a weary world at rest.

When the crescent brow of Luna
Was framed in the eastern sky,
We went the homeward journey,
My Fairy Queen and I.

In a tawny palm were bluebells
She had gleaned along the way,
And laughing eyes lit up my soul,
As the sun lights up the day.

By our path the wary spider
Wove a web of silver twine,
And swung her liliputian hammock
From an overhanging vine.

And the solemn notes of katydids
Came from meadows cool and damp,
While cricket rasped his droll rondo
By the glowworm's glimmering lamp.

Cleaving through the glorious ether,
And with pinions widely spread,
Havenward sailed the glossy swallow
To his mate beneath the shed.

But the happiest living creature
Found in all the world so wide
Was the jocund little maiden
Trotting briskly at my side.

O the sparkling dewdrops glistened
In the path along our way,
As her bare feet brown as russets
Crushed the fragrant new-mown hay.

But the toiling footsteps faltered,
And the weary limbs grew weak,
And the red lips all a-quiver
Scarce could marshal strength to speak.

But I caught a sleepy whisper
Floating in the clover's breath,
Saying, "Papa, carry baby,
Baby's tired mos' to death."

So I raised the little maiden,
Laid her soft cheek close to mine,
And the night winds wove her tresses
O'er my face, like foaming wine.

Thus we wandered through the gloaming
By the ricks of ripened maize,
Where ofttimes her rippling laughter
Floated through the summer days.

Where the brooklet blithe and busy
Sang and babbled toward the sea,—
Where they met to sing together,
While she waited there for me.

Safe I bore my winsome lady
Through the waiting cottage door,
And my arms still feel the impress,
—Greatest wealth they ever bore.

Faded now those scenes forever,
Gone our strolls at close of day,—
Like the spider's slender cable,
Like a thread of ocean spray.

Every day I see about me
Hoop, or glove, or broken toys,
But the dust of years is on them,—
O the dust from vanished joys!

On the leaves of books most precious
Truant hands have left their stain,
And the omen gives a feeling
Strangely mixed of joy and pain.

In my dreams I hear her whisper,
 "Papa, carry baby now,"
Through delightful dreamland wandering,
 Feel her dear breath on my brow.

Ne'er again the merry greeting
 When the birds awake the morn,
Nevermore the happy meeting
 In the fields of yellow corn.

In the path the homeless traveler
 Sometimes finds an only flower,
But it cheers him on his journey,
 Though it faded in an hour.

So we've crossed a yawning chasm
 Kindly shielded by the night,
And our hearts have quaked with terror
 When we viewed it in the light.

There are pits from mortals hidden,
 Chains of gold that lead us by;
Were they steel we'd be unwilling,
 So we're led, we know not why.

Fellow-creatures have a summer
 Rich of Memory's flower-dyed glades;
Winter blights all other summers,—
 Memory's summer never fades.

LINES TO A FRIEND ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE

SHE is not dead across whose lips
Death lays the silence of his sword; —
Whose heart to quicker measures moved
By Love's inspiring word.

She fell asleep beside the path
That stretched in weariness away,
And in the shadow of the rock
Rests from the hapless day.

Another voice set free from earth
Is added to the angel choir; —
Another hand by Death released
Sweeps the celestial lyre.

And in the tranquil dreams of night
There'll fall upon thine ear
The same sweet voice in sweeter tone,
And swelling full and clear.

She is not dead whose dull cold hand
Gives back no pressure to thine own;
It beckons thee to fairer scenes
Than thou hast ever known.

JUNE

HAIL, fairy Elfs, Spring's heartsome buds,
That spangle all the vernal sod,
Turn your dumb lips to dewy skies,
As Faith, believing, turns to God.

Sing, little birds, for love has come —
Has come to stay till Autumn's rime —
When flowers will fade and love may die,
As love, like flowers, may yield to time.

Thou sylvan thrush of gold lined beak
On bending fern or osier spray,
Swell the refrain of woodland choir,
And charm the world the livelong day.

Ye ivied oaks of powerful arm,
And crowned with Roman's lictor wreath,
Toss your green plumes among the clouds,
And nod asleep in Hera's breath.

(I miss a vine that climbed my knee,
A rose that kept my heart aglow,
A voice whose spell is with me yet,
A breath like June's upon my brow.)

Dim in the shade of tangled brake,
Sing, tinkling brook of springtime's flood,
And join the chorus glad and deep
Of anthem in the vocal wood.

Drone where thou mayst, O drowsy bee,
By sylvan ways among the hills,
Eftsoons the wintry days will come,
And hush for long the sleepy rills.

FAREWELL TO THE "KEARSARGE"

The U. S. Steamer *Kearsarge* wrote her name among the immortals on Sunday, the nineteenth day of June, eighteen hundred and sixty-four, by a victory over the Confederate cruiser *Alabama*, three miles off Cherbourg harbor, France, where, in a duel of less than one hour, the *Alabama* was destroyed and sent to the bottom of the ocean.

The *Alabama* was owned by the Confederate Government and commanded by Captain Rafael Semmes, one of the bravest officers in the Confederate navy, and, moreover, he was a man of acute intellect and decided character.

The *Kearsarge* was in command of Captain Winslow, a former shipmate of Semmes, but the war between the North and the South had laid their paths in widely different directions.

Captain Semmes had put into the neutral port of Cherbourg for repairs and supplies, and three days later found Captain Winslow in the same neutral port and ostensibly on the same errand. On Saturday, the eighteenth, Captain Semmes let it be generally known that on the following day he would sail out of the harbor, and this was considered by Captain Winslow to be a challenge which was quickly accepted, and on Sunday the encounter took place with the above results.

Years afterward the *Kearsarge* foundered, maybe, on Roncador, a sunken ledge of the Bahamas. It was currently reported at the time that for ulterior purposes the ship with a glorified record was assisted to her doom.

IN a pall the vapors wrapped her, on the reefs
of Roncador,
Where from water's deep pavilions wraiths
had lured her to the shore;

There in chains of wrack they bound her, like
a captive doomed to die,
While the foaming waves tumultuous washed
the rafters of the sky.

Never lowered her conscious pennon when the
gage of strife was on —
She was first in shock of battle and the last
when foes were gone;
When the star of Hope was hidden in the clouds
of battle smoke,
Then the eagle whet his courage on her own
brave heart of oak.

Once, I mind me, single-handed, swarmed about
by alien foes,
How she bravely struck for freedom till the
whole world heard the blows;
Proud she bore old Winslow that day (glory,
glory to his name),
While her thunders shook the Cherbourg and her
ports were all aflame.

When the volleying smoke of conflict hid the
midnight stars from view,
We could see them still a-shining on her own
flag's field of blue;
When sore pressed, defeats o'erwhelmed us,
flowed the land in crimson rills,
Then the beacons of her valor lighted up a
thousand hills.

Now, at last, when Peace, the Angel, smiles
across the battlefield,
And the thrusts of proud Ambition and the
heart-wounds all are healed,
Passing mortal ken how fitting she shall dream
forevermore
Where revenge cannot assail her on the reefs of
Roncador.

Fitting now, when foes who smote her, smote
but failed to reach her pride,
Do by artful thrift inherit what the battlefield
denied,
Fitting now, that she, a recluse, drifting to a
foreign shore,
Should, to hide her reputation, wish to die on
Roncador.

THE SERGEANT'S STORY

In the quest and final capture of Geronimo, the murderous Apache chief, General Miles, by crossing a desert in New Mexico, undertook to prevent the Indians from escaping into Mexico, and while so engaged a portion of the command became separated from the main body and wandered for several days without food or water and under a pitiless sun. Several of their number died of thirst and hunger, and the intense heat. All the horses and pack mules died, and of a splendid pack of well-bred dogs all save a collie named Carlo perished, and this intelligent brute was the means of finally reuniting the two detachments.

Sergeant Forsyth, a survivor of the lost squad, recited the story of the awful days and nights on the desert to the author, then A. A. Surgeon, U. S. A., during the Spanish-American War, then detailed at Fort Bayard, New Mexico.

When Carlo, the faithful dog, died he was given a soldier's burial and his name will not be forgotten while any member of that scouting party survives. The author wrote the following narrative at short and various times during convalescence from a severe injury, and the diversion lightened many a heavy hour of pain.

THE air was dead
That afternoon we lost the trail,
Where calcined skeletons were laid
In drifting graves that no man made,
But wild winds were the sexton's spade;
And from his brazen throne o'erhead
The fierce sun sowed the smoking sands
With fire, wide-poured from unseen hands.

A vast, hot oven seemed to be
Far as our parboiled eyes could see;
Nor shadow of a cloud was there,
Nor insect fanned the breathless air,
Nor anything of flesh and bone,
Save us and ours; but where the gray,
Hot scoria in dead furrows lay,
A once fugacious lizard, prone,
Fared in the incandescent dust;
Its mail, that erstwhile dazzling shone,
Was changed to the dull hue of rust.

O shoreless sea of restless sand
Whose bounds our eyes had vainly
sought!
O waveless sea of blighted land
That God himself had long forgot!

And there before our wondering view
A mirage of the desert grew;
And where the sky's hot rim shut down
Through dancing air-waves sombrous
brown,
There shoreward tossed a limpid sea,
Greengirt, but unconfined and free;
And stretching down beyond the main
Were phantom cities of the plain;
And lofty spires, and mosques and towers
Looked down on rare arcadian bowers;

And ne'er old Babylon the fair
Hung stranger gardens in the air.

Hopeless beyond our feeble reach
The sobbing blue wave lapped the beach;
Faint on the ear methought I heard
Some pulsing stream, the song of bird —
Saw billowing grasses bending low,
Swept by shadows that come and go
Like flitting ghosts, only to find
'Twas but a figment of the mind
To lure us, disappointed, where
Hope dies a victim to despair.

With lessening strength we cried aloud,
And from the desert's incubus,
Like lamentations from a shroud,
Came our own voices back to us.

Our horses, spent and mad with thirst,
Saw, as we saw, the shimmering tide —
An ocean flowing strong and wide —
Neighed piteous, like a human wail
When hearts are stung and, helpless, fail;
Sank, lingering one by one, and died;
The most to lose, and yet the first.

So waxed the day, and night's grim frown
Fell ominous and lowering down
And closed our life's most bitter day,

For ne'er creeps twilight's witchery
O'er the dry floor of that void sea
Paved with a thousand years of clay,
But sudden as a blown-out light
Falls the still curtain of the night;
And when the stars break into view
They seem to scorch the darkness through,
And clinging to the broiling flesh,
The vestments sting the nerves afresh;
The igneous venom of the air
Sifts without mercy everywhere.

O night of hunger, thirst, and pain,
Will morning never come again!
But e'en the morn foreshadows dread
In this Golgotha of the dead!

We scooped the dust with strenuous hand
And waning strength, but sedulous,
And found each grain of shifting sand
Was like the stone of Sisyphus;
In hours of toil the shallow bowl
Held less nepenthe for the heart
Than keeps together flesh and soul,
Or life and death an hour apart.

Wherever bent the vagrant way,
In every hour, or night or day,
If hope were kind or fate denied,
Our pack, of all their kind the pride —

Unasked they gave sagacious love,
True as a pledge of heaven above —
These dumb companions of our stress
Fawned at our feet in mute caress,
And strengthless in the desert's breath,
Drank thence the lethal draught of death.
All died save one whose royal breed
Once coursed the moors of storied Tweed
And guarded flocks on heathered plains —
These lived again in his strong veins;
For days he led the famished pack
O'er wastes unmarred by human track;
His will the thirst of hell o'erpowered,
His tireless feet the leagues devoured;
Guided by more than instinct, where
Half dead in the mephitic air,
When stars were paling in the night,
He, whimpering, shuffled from our sight,

We saw our last hope fade away,
A shadow in dawn's misty gray;
And straight the specter's course was laid
Toward a time-worn, upheaved grade —
A shard of rib from Mother Earth,
Long sprung before the Judean's birth;
Where, over the eroded ledge,
Were mats of woven brake and sedge,
And from the farthest shoulder scarp
Of crumpled rock of angles sharp,

Forth wimpling poured and fresh as dawn
A spring, and pure as Helicon.

But purblind eyes no longer sought
What oft had disappointment brought,
And no man cared, in his distress,
What lay beyond a mile or less,
For Hope was gone, nor left behind
A ray to light the glimmering mind!

We only saw the growing gray
Of morn, and dreamed of those sweet things
That memory to the dying brings —
The trysts of youth, the spangled hills
Of violets and daffodils,
The schoolboy loitering by the way,
The oftold tale the lover weaves
In shadowy groves of whispering leaves,
And all the happiness of yore
That once was ours, but ours no more.

But when, ablaze, the risen sun
Had scarce the dreaded day begun;
The collie's eager bay was heard
And our dead veins to life were stirred;
Then faint was waft the troopers' cheers,
The strenuous shouts of muleteers,—

And valorous Carlo led the van,
As once before he led the pack,

O'er wastes unmarred by human track
To where we eked life's little span.

Full well they rode! That morn, free
spurred,

With loose flung rein our saviors came,
As once the bugle's call they heard
And rode through shot-torn fields to
fame —

These who had mourned our hapless fate,
The victims of the desert's hate.

O the canteen! Nor Rhone-bred vine
E'er shed its blood so rich as thine!
A draught! O God, and such a
draught —

For very joy we wept and laughed!
We shook our clenched hands at the sky,
Our only shroud if we should die!
And life came back, a little spark,
But a great light when all was dark!

Where up yon hill the brown path creeps
To listen to the murmuring stream,
There Carlo, faithful Carlo, sleeps,
A sleep profound, perchance to dream.
There first the morning's purpling rays
Gild his rude mound with radiant light,
There last the lingering glory stays
To bid the fading world good night.

Where he has gone the gathered host
That throngs the dumb brutes' Hall of
Fame
Will find his own they loved the most,
Hard by Abou Ben Adam's name.

TO MY MOTHER

On her birthday shortly before her death

SOMETIME, dear heart, and we shall climb the
hill

Where oft you've said the sun is always shin-
ing;

Gaze on the clouds below us, cold and still —

Not on the clouds, but on their silver lin-
ing —

Sometime, dear heart, sometime!

Sometime, dear heart, and we shall know and
greet

The bygone scenes that once our hearts de-
lighted;

And when the living with the dead years meet,

Our severed lives will all be reunited —

Sometime, dear heart, sometime!

Then will thy face, e'en now so fair to me,

Light the dark way o'er Death's retrieveless
ocean,

And my poor spirit, disenthralled and free,

Will seek the haven of a mother's true devo-
tion —

Sometime, dear heart, sometime!

We may come back sometime in other life,
I still thy boy again, and thou my mother —
May tread old paths of recollections rife,
And as the day is long be happy in each
other —

Sometime, dear heart, sometime!

Now in my chamber's deepening hush I hear
"Good night," in accents low and sweetly
spoken;

Then in death's sleep I'll feel the angels near,
The kiss that lingers on my lips is token —
Sometime, dear heart, sometime!

And thou, a-weary searching here so long
For names the moss and tangled vines are
screening,

Will hear the skylark in his happiest song
O'er useless graves where slabs are on them
leaning —

Sometime, dear heart, sometime!

There, in that rest beyond the power of years
To fret the brow with cruel lines of sorrow,
There'll be no night, nor hope deferred, nor
tears,

But each glad day'll foretell a better mor-
row —

Sometime, dear heart, sometime!

LINCOLN

IN a mud-thatched hovel of squalor and want,
Where tears were abundant, and bread was
scarce,
And the wolf of hunger was fierce and gaunt,
And home was a mockery and life a farce —
From the shadow of sorrow and travail and
gloom
The pitiful wail of a babe was heard,
Disturbing the ghosts of the desolate room,
Waking to melody love's sleeping chord.

Maybe in his dreams Baby Blue-eyes saw,
At the end of the path to the cheerless abode,
A shrine that was once but a cradle of straw;
A babe grown a man — little less than a god;
A hand stronger knit in the battle of life,
Reaching up to the flag its stripes to
renew —
Reaching up through the smoke of the onsetting
strife
To replace the lost stars in their old field of
blue.

O the years pass away like a dream in the night,
And Time's whelming shadow the scene over-
flows,
The humble log cabin dissolves from our sight,

And the nursling of sorrow the cradle out-
grows;
But alike into wisdom and manhood he grew,
Gleaning ever from Nature a harvest of
thought,
And the winepress of grief he trod till he knew
Whatever the lessons adversity taught.

Now the tide of events flows white from the
shore,
And bears him away on its storm-heaving
breast.
O proud Illinois, he is thine no more —
He belongs to the world as thy loving be-
quest;
There the altar's prepared for this gift of thy
love,
And the fire, and the dirge, and the buffeting
throng;
But only the Infinite Father above
Can fathom the bounty to outrage and wrong.

O measureless task that invokes now the pen
That pictures the scenes in the long night of
dread,
Of hearts, broken hearts of the mothers of men
Who make up the roll of the glorified dead,
Of soft Southern dews turned to drops of red
rain,
Of rivers all crimson going down to the sea,

Of vultures that watch o'er the shambles of
 slain,
Of Death and his revels of mad jubilee.

· · · · · ·
On the tempest-torn main in the offing out yon-
 der

The waves lash the sky and sink down with a
 roar,
And, rolling together in tumult of thunder,
Break white o'er the seawall that drifts from
 the shore.

Like the wings of a bird on a far rim of sky,
Or the glimpse of a face flashing by in a
 dream,

The old Ship of State shakes her canvas on
 high,
Defying the storm and the lightning's red
 gleam.

Betrayers have shifted the buoys from the bar
To the safe-riding harbor as signals of woe,
And false lights allure where hidden rocks are,
And the good ship is loaded with traitors be-
 low ;

But he, whose first bed was a cradle of straw,
Trode dauntless the bridge with trumpet in
 hand,

And, holding the turbulent spirits in awe,
Brought the ship and her cargo of traitors
 to land.

He was true to his trust, and with Right for his
guide,
Midst contention at home and confusion
abroad,
He held on his way till the foe's humbled pride
Saw broken the idol it worshiped as God.
How oft, O how oft, when afflicted with care,
And the night wore away without respite or
sleep,
Would he fain lift the yoke that helpless ones
bear
And hold to his heart the wretched who weep.

But Peace came at last and the sweet story told
To the ear of the lightnings that girdle the
world,
And the lips of the cannon for pity grew cold,
And red-streaming banners of hatred were
furled;
And when the scarred earth to Jehovah on high
Was pleading that man would forget his hot
rage,
Then a blow struck him down like a bolt from
the sky —
O God, could we blot the foul stain from the
page!

O Muse of the Past! through night's arches un-
roll

From the stars to the earth the long record
of ages

And gather the names on thy limitless scroll

Of battlefield heroes and martyrs and sages,
Not a name there outshines nor will longer en-
dure

On the tablet immortal in Freedom's proud
fane

Than Lincoln's, our Lincoln's, whose name rests
secure

On the white shield of honor untarnished by
stain.

He spake, and all men became equal and free —

Wealth revels no more in the sweat of the
slave;

And the block and the whip shall forever more
be

Consigned to the worm of a bottomless grave!
When his shackles were crushed on the anvil of
Might

And the slave mother woke from a long night
of hell,

The master was victor, though vanquished in
fight,

For his once trammelled soul shed its shackles
as well.

His record is made! All the world knows the
rest —

How Love kissed the gloom from the shroud
and the bier.

How a whole nation wept him, the truest and
best

That had given its annals a martyr's career;
O not soon again will our country behold

The like of his presence when evil days come,
And his life's splendid story of worth will be
told

Till the lips of all lovers of country are
dumb.

“LEST WE FORGET: LEST WE FOR-
GET”

UNDER Old Glory the warriors are sleeping,
Under one flag the blue and the gray;
Wild vines are lovingly twining and creeping
Over their bosoms of perishing clay.

Once, and their brave hearts were panting for
glory,
Once the bright blade sought the heart of a
foe;
Read now the beautiful close of the story —
Love gathers her garlands where cruel thorns
grow.

Aye, 'twas but yester eve when the gray column
Camped where slim rifle pits circled the
height;
Heard we the long-roll, level and solemn,
Saw we their white tents gleam faint through
the night.

Then woke a morrow of peril and slaughter;
Booming of cannon and bursting of shell;
Streams of red blood flowing freely as water,
Told where the daring had struggled and
fell.

White face of the moon in thy halo of luster,
Lean out of thy frame in the dome of bent
sky.

Worlds all adrift through the night's wondrous
cluster,

Pray, what did ye see gazing down from on
high?

“ These be some things that we saw while the
billows

Of madness and folly swept over the field;
Scenes that will murder the sleep of your pil-
lows,

Leaving wounds in the soul that'll never be
healed:

“ Smoke rolling out of the mouth of Gehenna;
Mad whirlpools of battle on Tophet's hot
marge;

Steeds plunging wild in bewildered demeanor,
Riderless, bolting the onsetting charge;

“ Clashing of bayonets over the dying;

Lips oozing foam from a life that is spent;
Age and fair youth under iron hoofs lying,
Brave rider and horse down trampled and
blent;

“ Battlefields strewn with the pride of creation,
Marvels of genius and engines of skill,
Wide drenching the field with war’s desolation,
And never a purpose but only to kill;

“ Homes where the hemlock’s sad boughs are extending
Over New England like shadows of death;
Homes where the Southland’s magnolias are
blending
Attar and beauty from Arcadia’s breath.

“ There, aye, there will the phantom of Sorrow
row
Sit in cold ashes and feed on despair;
From altars consuming the gifts of such morrow,
row,
How kindle a torch to illumine its care? ”

Under one flag the sleepers are sleeping,
Under one flag dream the blue and the gray;
Wild vines are lovingly twining and creeping
Over a handful of perishing clay.

DOG-DAYS

OUCH, these be Sirius days! Yon bended blue
Hath ne'er a patch of welcome cloud in view;
It shuts a rim around the universe
Of heirs to Adam's delegated curse;
From morn till night a pendulum of fire
Swings hot across this incandescent pyre!

Whichever way our basted bodies turn,
They only seek an uncooked place to burn;
And, when the grilling's done to a degree,
The fire slides down the sky into the sea!

And scarcely does the voice of chanticler
Fill with vexatious noise the drowsy ear,
When up the East the flaming demon goes
To sow again Pandora's box of woes!

The silking fields and erst umbrageous trees
Swoon limp and lifeless in the lethal breeze;
To have a pediluvia, soft and cool,
The herd, knee deep, enjoy the viscid pool;
Mild-eyed they ruminat anon to flail
The fly pestiferous, with flexile tail!

Then, there is Man, of earthly stuff the king,
He, too, is out for a hot time — or thing;
He leads these days the whole perspiring race,
With irrigating ditches down the face,

All same old Aaron, o'er whose unctuous crown
And unmowed chin, the treacles trickled down!

O could I dwell in some sequestered spot,
Most any place, with things less blooming hot;
Say some hid dell by sweet Contentment blest,
With books and birds and woods, nor other
guest;

Say where the wimpling Weber gurgling flows
From gushing wells far sunk in glacial snows,
Or the dim aisles of sylvan Idylwild,
Where slabby rocks the mighty Zeus piled —
There woo the Summer in a boreal land
Of shrub and glebe, scathless of human hand;
And lured by the sweet symphony of streams
To dream of youth and love, O dream of
dreams!

AT THE GRAVE OF THE GRAND MASTER

WHEN the spent life its soul sends out
To seek the land of endless day,
In what poor phrase we question doubt,
Or cheer the voyager on its way.

But when a Brother's hand grows cold
And he sinks down by death o'ercome,
We lay our heart on his of mold
And feel indeed our lips are dumb.

The gift of words is little worth
To praise a tenant of the bier,
So give we this dear dust to earth,
Shrined silent in love's conscious tear.

Nor sculptured urn nor marble bust
Needs here to rise for great deeds done;
Fame, tearful o'er his prostrate dust,
Points to the fields his manhood won.

Like some strong oak that long withstood
The tooth of time, the winter blast,
When God's sweet peace was on the wood
Slow sank and silent fell at last;

So he, though great and good and strong
And ever quick at Duty's call,
Left the great world's endearing throng,
Resign'dly as the shadows fall.

No more by Joppa's tumbling seas
He harks to hear the dripping oar;
He knows the temple's mysteries —
The sunken clefts along the shore.

He views at last Moriah's height
That nearer looms as years wax on;
His once dark home now blooms with light
And swells with songs from Lebanon.

Again within the tylered hall
He stands against the darkened west;
He hears the Master's gavel fall,
And goes from labor unto rest.

Sleep, Brother, sleep; thou art not dead,
Though thine be now the common lot;
Lest men forget thy narrow bed,
Hope's green Acacia guards the spot.

AMONG MY BOOKS

BLESSINGS on a rainy day,
When the mountains comb the sky,
Lowering sour, and leaning nigh
To the bare hills dank and gray,
Where old paths of summer lie.

Ah, thrice welcome days like this,
When the bluff wind sulks and roars
And the cloud o'erturns and pours
Torrents down the back of bliss
If one venture out of doors.

Ha! behold my voiceful hearth
While my thoughts fantastic float
Up the chimney's laughing throat!
Better this than all the earth
Quartered otherwheres remote.

Just my book and ample weed!
See the smoke of incense curl
In a sort of dreamy swirl!
If a better lot one need,
One must be a hopeless churl.

Here I'm more than king by half;
Other claimant but pretends
To the throne, nor comprehends
Why the listening embers laugh
At my kind of royal friends!

Wise old sagas on my shelves —
Some in black, some perked in brown —
Coax me that I take them down,
And be one among themselves,
Be co-heir to their renown!

Now for once I'm great as they,
Slapping Browning on the back,
And Will Shakespeare, with a thwack;
"Little Breeches," come this way;
Here, shake hands with Johnny Black!

No indeed, my royal guild
Are not now of flesh and bone;
Some, the grandest ever known,
Once an author's fancies filled,
Made his teeming brain their throne.

Bolt the door and tie the bell,
Bid the caller "Come again"
After this downpour of rain,
But to-day I'll cut a swell
With some gingery chaps of brain.

Ah, there! Best of all the crew
Is your own sel', Rabbie Burns,
Flush of wit and tears by turns;
And my hat comes off to you,
Rueful, witty Robert Burns.

Here where bright the ingle glows
Paint again O'Shanter's ride,
Perched his faithful mare astride,
Through the brig where bogles pose,
Leaving Meg's tail scrimp the hide.

Petrarch, Dante, and Boccaccio,
Ye seem greater now than when
In your day much smaller men,
Envious, sought to overthrow
Giants fashioned by your pen!

Now here swarms a crowd of seers,
And their names reach back from us
All the way to Oedipus,
Marking nigh four thousand years —
Zounds, the limit is tremendous!

These be Fame's beyond a doubt,
And each name a splendid gem
Flashing from her diadem,
And not one may be left out;
So I doff my hat to them!

Long this catalogue of the GREAT,
In that word's completest sense,
And the *alma mater* whence
Come the builders of a state.
And a nation's sure defense.

Though as velvet be one's hand,
And his crest his fathers wore
From mediæval fields of yore
In a strange and alien land —
Empty-headed, he's a bore!

But the mighty one of earth,
And the only creature that
Ranks the haughty autocrat,
Is who magnifies his birth —
He's the real aristocrat!

Men grow bigger when they die;
Bigots, offspring of the slave,
Cannot prowl beyond the grave,
So they grovel here and lie,
Suits their cast to play the knave.

So I say, God bless the man
That invented rainy days,
Books and pipes and hearth ablaze.
And through life's uncertain span,
Here's a harp to sing his praise!

THE LAMENT

It cannot be my babe is dead,
For still upon my breast
Her precious form in sleep's embrace
Seems tranquilly to rest;
Her waxen lips seem still the twain
That prattled with delight,
And these the folded lids that hid
Her glad eyes from the light.

I wander in the silent rooms,
And search them through and through
To clasp her in my longing arms —
But shadows I pursue.
I draw the curtains wide apart —
She is not hidden there;
I speak her name — my hollow voice
Calls to the empty air.

Her bird upon his gilded perch
Sings snatches low and brief,
Lest the refrain from his sad notes
Should magnify my grief.
That morn she came his glorious song
Rang through the joyous room;
Now naught but memory of the strain
To cheer this awful gloom.

Still stands the rosebush by the door,
But all its flowers are dead;
A bud is in my bosom hid,
All but the fragrance fled.
Here are the dolls her hands have held,
The ribbons that she wore;
I hold them to my hungry heart
And kiss them o'er and o'er.

I haunt the arbor where the sun
Paled on her golden hair,
But his bright beams of silky gold
Could not with it compare.
There's dust upon her cradle-quilt,
Dust on her picture-book;
And everything that baby loved
Wears the same asking look.

The little hands, so strangely still,
Two folded rosebuds hid
In tear-dewed flowers and satin bows
Beneath the coffin lid —
They stroked my face with fond caress,
Are still my treasure trove,
And all these recollections wake
My agonizing love.

Maybe some angel from the host
On heaven's ambrosial height
Convoys her gentle spirit now
To me in sorrow's night
To make it seem, while sad along
Earth's troubled path I tread,
'Tis but a dream, and I shall wake —
And baby is not dead.

LINES ON THE BURIAL OF A MISANTHROPE

BEFORE my door slow moves the train along
To bear thee silent from the living throng;
Ambition died, and Hope, when yet thy form
Fed on life's current, flowing full and warm.

The sting of Fate, relentless from thy birth,
Made thee a sorrowing wanderer on the earth,
Till worn and feeble, old and desolate,
Death kindly rid thee from thy hapless fate.

When all thy friends of early days were gone
And strangers' hands and hearts bade thee
 "move on,"
'Twas best the night closed down the somber
 day
That thou might dread no more the lonely way.

The cross is lifted, and the thorny crown
No more on thy torn temples presses down;
The earth shall be thy mother, and her breast
Thy welcome cradle of eternal rest.

“ LE ROI EST MORT: VIVE LE ROI ”

LEVEL across the brief December day,
Of tarnished gold the sun's pale arrows lay;
And the sad king scarce lifts his heavy head
From the cold cloud whereon he makes his bed
To view his realm that with slow broadening
rim

An empire grows about the antarctic limb.
Time's gentle admonitions fools despise,
But him the centuries make profoundly wise;
He sees the hoary ages round him roll,
And holds uncounted worlds in his control!

And when the archer hunts the boreal plain,
And glacial lands are harnessed to the main,
Serving the law that arms his will with might,
Gives beauty to the day and glory to the night,
He cools the rage of his puissant beam,
Banks his bold fires a little while to dream;
And this vain world we proudly call our own,
A feeble grain among a million sown,
Turns from his face and for a trivial hour
Hides in the shadow of his awful power.

Unlike old Polyphemus whom the gods
(Willing to match against most any odds)
Lured to his den and made him drunk, no doubt
That Ulysses bold might burn his one eye out,
To batten on the wild Cyclopean roar

When closed th' sole optic that his forehead
wore,

Because, forsooth, this virile monster brave
Stoned Ulixes's ships that ruled the Ægean
wave —

Blind Homer gave to Phœbus two good eyes,
Placed him on high, a god in human guise;
When one orb views the Winter's austere scene,
The other closes in a sleep serene.

Naught to his ear the sweet Æolian sigh
Nor the mad storm that rends the midnight sky;
This glorious king, but now without a crown,
Sees undismayed his scepter broken down;
Hears frost-spiced shuttles driven everywhere
By unseen weavers in the icy air
To shape a shroud from hoar and swirling
snow

For the far spent and patriarchal year
Now laboring onward to a beckoning bier
With bended staff, and painful step and slow.

He saw the cradle in empyrean clime
Swing to soft music of the Christmas time;
Paused in mid-heaven while angels swept their
lyres

To answering song come up from earthly choirs.

Fain the young tenant, waking from repose,
Put out two hands the color of the rose,

And with a silken cord bound strong together
A whole long week of sober winter weather,
And on the stars that kindled bright and clear
He hung the conquering banner of the year;
And swift unrolling from his roseate palms,
Through earth-distempered winds and heavenly
calms,

A ladder prone descended fast and far —
And every rung was jeweled with a star —
Down to the glad-eyed, wondering ones of earth!
And from his lips, pure as the lily's heart,
With skill consummate, passing human art,
Blew back a kiss to envious angels there,
And bold of heart assayed the lissome stair
With agile foot, sped down the Milky Way,
Down Night's black throne that loomed a stunted
day,

Down to the yule-logs blazing on the hearth!

And tongues were loosed, and all the sons of
men

Welcomed with joy the holy denizen!
Inspired by concord of the pleasing strain,
The "belfried blacksmiths" struck with might
and main;

And *Te Deum*, and voices glad with mirth
Wove summer girdles round the laughing earth.
Hope sat with a new sweetness on her face.
And Sorrow's cheek lost every tearful trace;
Gray walls fell outward from the prisoner's cell,

While brazen-throated bells sang " All is well ";
The startled steeples, waking from their dream,
Rocked in the holy air with joy supreme;
So came the New Year down while jocund Mirth
Put Summer's girdle round the laughing earth;
And we who wept beside the Old Man's bier
Rejoice because his cheerful heir is here
With earnest heart — the honest pledge of
truth —
And cheeks aflame with mantling blood of
youth.

Night came again, and iron throats were still,
E'en as the wave obeyed the Master's will;
And timid Day crept from Night's sable arms,
Baptized afresh, renewed in all her charms;
But the sad king scarce raised his heavy head
From the cold cloud whereon he made his bed
To nod a welcome to the infant king
Who comes, the Old Year's freewill offering.

TWINS

To the Hon. J. M. H. of Maine, who informs me that twins, of opposite genders, have invaded his domestic circle. Beloved of boyhood, still am I loyal in the days of thy calamity.

TWINS, hey? What though war's oriflamme
full high

Flaunts its sharp challenge in the foreign eye?
What though the Anarchist goes through the
land,

Defying order with the blade and brand,
And map of murder on his hairy breast,
So there's no riot in your hymeneal nest?
But, Joe, dear boy, all these highhanded tricks
Must sure be due to stress of politics!
For, don't you mind, the tariff's late decree
Opens the ports — admitting kids in free?

Twins, did you say? Just barefoot roystering
twins,

Bald as a post, with pinky flannel skins,
And lung impact for many a lusty roar
Reminding you of Polyphemus' snore!
One seems enough for Papa to admire,
But here's a duplex copy of their sire —
Two new editions filled with tears and laugh —
And each one done in vellum — not in calf!

How oft I've heard you say that poets sing:
"One cannot have too much of a good thing!"
By this late inventory of domestic pelf
Full soon, by Jove, you'll know how 'tis your-
self.

Beware of windy squalls, nor ask for more,
E'en though the wind blow off Arabia's shore!

But when the night, bespangled overhead,
Hangs her nubiferous curtain round your bed,
Pale not to hear the chorus of a sneeze,
But fan the nursery's sanitary breeze
In Mother Hubbard's pallid wardrobe rare
— By Gar, a *rara avis* on Shank's mare —
Spread wide the hands like two mediæval shields
Or grand'ther's scarecrow in the old back fields,
And try to banish their nocturnal larum
By roosting each wee chit on either ar-um.

Daylight at last! With rosy fingertips
Fair Morn weighs down their eyes and seals
their lips!

And now you're mad, and in hot haste you say,
"My goodness! Why turn midnight into
day?"

(Look out, my friend, you're dangerous near a
swear)

"Why *vice versa* all the hours of sleep,
Invoking every blessed thing but prayer,
And put the whole house in a mood to weep?"

Soon calm succeeds the rigors of the soul,
While less and less the stormy billows roll,
And upward floats your drawn, pathetic cry,
“God bless the geminii! Sweet geminii!”

I hear that one's a buster; strong of limb
And filled with rare good nature to the brim;
'Tis his to stand on Freedom's lofty height,
Above the clouds of ignorance and spite,
And with clear brain in Manhood's perfect day
Guide Truth's swift car along its eager way;
Unflinching stand the modern Wilkeried,
With naked breast and arms extended wide
To sheathe the arrows of his country's foes,
And shield her from unnumbered ills and woes.
May he so live, with health and vigor blest,
That in the twilight of your final rest
He'll be a staff and constant joy and pride,
And through those shadowy days a perfect
guide;

Be to his country what her sons should be,
A granite wall to guard her liberty,
As true to her along the ancestral line,
Dear Joe, as were your patriot sire and mine.

But the wee fairy! Bless her pretty eyes!
An angel at the hearthstone in disguise!
She came, a rose beside a bristling thorn —
Came as the sun comes in a winter's morn —

And may she, when in perfect womanhood,
Be beautiful as her mother and as good;
With voice as low and soft as vespers be
When twilight veils the abbey's minstrelsy;
Be to her needful country and her home
What good Cornelia was to hers and Rome.

THE AUTUMN LANDSCAPE PAINTER

THE languid sun went down the rosy west,
And pallid sank into a sea of gold,
And glorious Indian Summer now had drest
Her liveried hills in splendors manifold.

For days we saw a blight was on the rose,
The bird and bee had said farewell at last,
And, lo, when morning waked us from repose,
The hills stood clothed in many a gorgeous
cast.

And Joris, at my knee with questioning eyes
Bent on the distant vistas flashing bright,
Saw the rare frescoes from invisible dyes
Mysterious fingers painted in the night.

He queried me to tell, as poets may,
Who's this hath made his garden Fairyland!
I answered in a legendary way,
And yet I fear he did not understand.

"On yester night, methinks, a fairy queen
Set forth, transfigured in the frosty air;
I marked her garb of sober hue serene,
Her supple form, and face most passing fair.

“ She paused before my window where the
lamp’s

Pale radiance lit the somber scene about,
Then passed into a night of dews and damps
Like one who sought the way in troubled
doubt.

“ Soon full in flight she clomb the leaning hill
That nestles in the mountain’s rugged
arms —

Strong arms that guard with love’s persistent
will
The pathways to his solitary charms.

“ One graceful hand uplifted onward bore
A burning rush to light the doubtful way,
The dank and heathery furrows to explore
Where lorn and chill the flowers of Summer
lay.

“ By the dark ferns that fringe the bubbling
spring,
Down the bent vale and up the bosky height,
Nor lighter fans the air the swallow’s wing
Than danced her dainty feet through falling
night.

“ On, on, she pressed, nor purposeless nor rude,
Through leafy fanes she knew and loved so
well

Down where the smit flowers fade in solitude,
And there her tears of grief at parting fell.

“Where’er the Peri shed the vestal tear,
Pure as a pearl and colorless of hue,
E’en spirits of the air leaned down to hear
From her sad lips a faltering last adieu.

“With sweetest grace she bent above each
flower
And lovingly bestowed a last caress;
The angel choirs suspended in that hour,
And joined the lamentations of distress.

“Here, midst the floating shadows of the night,
Beneath the faded bough and withered leaf,
She heard the hurrying night wind in its flight
And vainly fed her sorrowing heart on grief.

“And now no more her feet could thread the
way,
The feeble brand died on the glebe she trod;
To fear and heaviness of soul a prey,
She prostrate sank upon the midnight sod.

“’Twas there amidst the Summer’s lingering
bloom,
When fields were garbed in Autumn’s quiet
brown;
And in the sweet, half-melancholy gloom,
Sleep, laughing, kissed her heavy eyelids
down.

“ Scarce had the wandering Peri quit the scene,
When, vaulting down the gray old mountain’s
flank,

There came a youth of bold and knightly mien,
Unheralded, but bearing princely rank.

“ Down through the North’s unguarded gates
he came,

His temples laureled of the purpling vine,
And plumes ambrosial, haloed like a flame
Caught up from altars at the Autumn’s
shrine.

“ He paused beside the Peri while she slept
With the fast dying taper in her hand;
All noiseless to her starlit couch he crept
And gently from her fingers seized the wand.

“ And in the soft alembic of her palm
Brewed there the ashes with a jeweled tear,
And conjured from the stars so cold and calm
The spirits of the alchemist and seer.

“ And lo, the wand became a sceptered brush
Inspiring pictures like the poet’s thought,
And with its artful touch a conscious blush
On leaf and flower and clinging vine was
wrought.

“ I saw him where the dwarf oak’s dark green
leaves
Hung awnings o’er the wild bird’s rustic
house,
Where stubbles with their shocks of golden
sheaves
Sheltered the timid family of the mouse.

“ And every leaf the Peri’s tears had blest
And consecrated with her fragrant breath,
Before them bowed the swart knight’s haughty
crest
In ritual confirmation of their death.

“ I marked him well! The self-reliant face
Was like a god’s, while still above his head
He bore the Frost King’s tessellated mace
Through woodland ways wherever fancy led.

“ So through the long and solemn hours of night
He painted pictures with his mystic wand,
And when the world awoke to morning light,
Behold, it was indeed a fairyland! ”

TO WHITTIER

On receiving from his hand a thin volume of his last poems entitled "At Sundown," together with an autograph note of presentation from the poet.

O, NEVER the sun goes down, dear friend,
Nor abates he the spell of his reign;
Pursuing his flight on a course without end,
All glories and pomp his splendors transcend
While he circles the world again and again;
But he never goes down, good friend!

O never, my friend, does the sunset bring
But a hint of the oncoming night,
For barely the nightingale ceases to sing
When somewhere the lark shakes the dew from
his wing
With a greeting song to the purpling light,
To welcome the day's coming king!

Why superior to man is the sun?
Earthly beings and marvels outgrown!
Standing first since cycles of time were begun
And last when the sun his last circuit has run,
Outranking all creatures — alone;
Outbeing, outlasting, the sun!

Man's destiny is always to be,
Though his form, but a husk, is no more;
To him will there come nor sundown nor night,

For his realm will bask in a sunless light
That haloes the Styx from its center to shore;
Man is and forever will be!

O bard of the sweet-sounding harp,
May its echo strike true to the voice;
May the sun of thy fame in centuries to come,
When thy hand writes no more and the lips are
dumb,
Reflect its old light while the hearers rejoice,
O bard of the sweet-sounding harp.

TO LOTTIE M—— AND OLIVER R——

On being absent from their wedding

I GOT the word, but faith I cannot go

To see how well “the brave deserves the
fair”;

How great is my regret indeed you know,

And though *I* fail, I’m sure *you’ll* both be
there.

I’ve prized the lovely bride since dimpled hands

First tamed the butterfly where wild flowers
blow;

My knee was then the throne whence came com-
mands —

Not arguments — *et sic volo sic jubeo!*

But now no more the butterfly for game

Nor flowers half hid the timid hands allure;

That erstwhile throne with “rheumatis” is
lame,

And edicts go by primogeniture!

From this sage contemplation let us turn

To cheer the duplex voyagers on the way;

Haply from ship and tossing wave to learn

How life may be one long, long summer day.

Fear not to launch the bridal bark; the main,
Though drifting wild with wreck, is safe to
you;
The ship will mock disaster if the twain
Command as one, and loyal are the crew!

Nor fear the sunken rock, nor brooding storm,
Nor eager billows foaming to o'erwhelm;
You'll make old age's harbor snug and warm,
But Pluck must be the skipper, Love at the
helm.

Be brave! Across the azure sky o'erhead
Sweep golden wings that promise many a
song;
The shores stand out in beauty, and are spread
With bud and leaf and bloom the whole year
long.

I do not wish that ne'er an envious squall
Shall be recorded in your shiplog's tale;
For squalls are only bracers, that is all,
And serve to warn us when to shorten sail.

And now may God be good to you and yours,
Nor know you ever loss of peace or friend;
To one who waits and patiently endures,
Remember, victory cometh in the end.

REVERIE

WHEN curfew rang and twilight shades had
come

They brought the old Arcadian to his home;
Peace was within, and blest Contentment sat
Beside the hearth, a genial autocrat.

Musing the while, he gave to fancy rein,
And oldtime mem'ries roused the languid
brain;

He was a boy again in very truth,
And builded castles as in days of youth.

The twilight hour is the most witching time
To banish care, lulled by the vesper chime;
To pardon hurts of midday's cruel rod
On the flint path the wounded feet have trod.

But conscious of the fast impending night,
He loosed the daydreams for a willing flight
To youth's high aspirations, wild and steep,
Above the grave where schemes forgotten
sleep.

Once more he saw an iridescent sky
Whose changing shapes had charmed his fit-
ful eye;
And now, a truant in the pathless wood,
He spies the nest that housed the timid
brood;

Sees, too, far vales where sentries straight and
tall

Guarded the lone, low-sobbing waterfall,
Where all day long the sun's reluctant beams
Gave little promise to the wild bee's dreams.

Again to school where mysteries were taught,
Nor greatly recked the days that went for
naught,
Deserting Cæsar in his conquest of the Gaul
For some less dreadful place with bat and ball.

He flees the master's omnipresent eye
To angle or to seize a butterfly;
Forgets, oblivious of the rattan's feel,
His books down by the chugging waterwheel.

The deft magician moves the cunning wand,
And the bright tints dissolve at his command;
The gilded rainbows, promises of yore,
Fade with the vanished days that are no more.

He seeks to hold a phantom hand of clay;
The silent lips in sorrow turn away.
Impotent tears bewail the crumbling shrine;
Age with its staff plods down the hill's de-
cline.

He wakes from rapt delusions of the mind
To find them unsubstantial as the wind,

And murmurs, pillowed in his evening chair,
“O Vanity! Thy name is written every-
where!”

A few brief years shines Life's ascending star,
And Phœbus drives for him his blazing car;
Anon he gains Ambition's pleasant crest,
Only to see his day fade in the west.

And is this all the recompense of life,
One portion joy, the balance naught but
strife;
To stand at last, when the hard struggle ends,
And view the billowed earth where sleep old
friends?

A VISIT TO THE OLD HOMESTEAD IN MAINE AFTER MANY YEARS

I WALK once more September's purpling heights,
Still sweet with thyme from Summer's ling-
'ring days ;

I watch, as long ago, the village lights
Dance through the gath'ring twilight's deep-
'ning haze ;

And weird upon the winds methinks I hear
A voice that holds me like a wizard's spell,
In cadence low it whispers in my ear :
"Hail and farewell, old friend! Hail and
farewell!"

There, sailing o'er the roof of yonder hill,
The same young moon on vapory billows
floats,
And from yon copse the cloistered whip-poor-
will
Disturbs the night with the same lonesome
notes.

Unbid the tear *lang syne* rolls down my cheek,
And in my bosom swells the pent-up sigh ;
Seems 'twas this morn my lips refused to speak
When from these scenes I waved a last good-
by.

Yon wood, now hallowed in a pensive light,
Yon mead, asleep in Autumn's mystic care ; —
The busy years seem hours since from my sight
Ye faded in receding fields of air.

Ye are not changed, and I still seem as when
I roamed these hills in boyhood days divine,
Nor cared for conquests like ambitious men,
For all the world I saw or dreamed, was mine.

Alas, the things our early aims elude! —
Like brilliant notions from a shattered mind!
We ne'er adjudge the actual magnitude;
Age is indifferent and youth is blind.

The moon peers through the treetops just the
same
And floods the slabs where sleep the village
dead;
E'en through the vagrant moss I read *her* name
And o'ergrown date; 'twas long ago, it said.

I hear low voices where the lone paths lie —
One sweet as music o'er a shimmering lake
And one is grave as slow he makes reply,
Along the shore where wavelets throb and
break.

I hear the "heave, yo, heave," and tight'ning
chain

That round and round the sturdy capstan
draws;

And there, in answer to the laboring strain,
Swings at the bows the anchor's dripping
claws

Just as they used to do when Bob and I

Looked on the lessening ship that sailed away
Down through the thinnest veil of opal sky —

But ne'er came up the Reach of Northern
Bay!

Since then my ship on many a wandering wave
Has plowed the seas where breakers boom and
roar;

Has followed lights swung o'er Hope's unseen
grave,

Where sirens beckoned toward a dangerous
shore.

These are the pictures that in very sooth

Consoled me when life's battle fared not well;

To-night a voice calls from the grave of youth:

"Hail and farewell, old friend! Hail and
farewell."

THE BUILDING OF A STATE

Read on the occasion of the laying of the corner stone
of a Carnegie library

Across the prairies of the west —
Those vacant footprints of the sea —
Climbing the mountain's storm-torn crest
That girts an empire yet to be,
The world's bold avant-couriers came
As genii of the Mayflower born
Unheralded by trump of Fame,
And sad of heart and trouble worn.

The silence of the frozen north
Was on the desert, and it slept
Save when the Indian pillaged forth,
Or from her lair the she-wolf crept,
Or here and there a wigwam rose
And glowed their fires across the sky,
Or canyons wakened from repose
To echo back a savage cry.

But quiet as the evening dew
Hangs luminous jewels on the trees,
Or as old Gilead's breezes blew
Across Arabia's pleasant seas,
So months and years wore on and on
Above Minerva's restless tomb,
And ere this century's race is run,
Behold her grave burst into bloom!

The cabins of the pioneers,
Mud-thatched by hands of grievous toil,
In the fierce crucible of years
To-day are mingled with the soil;
But from their wind-sown ashes spring
The fairest types that Art contrives,
And fanned by Hope's puissant wing,
Their scattered dust takes shape and
thrives.

Let idle dreamers here behold
In this brave land of yours once more
The thrice-told miracles of old
Like rubrics from the days of yore,—
That blossoms spring where erst the plow
Cut the dull lizard's slimy trail,
And perfumes from the summer's bough
With incense load the passing gale.

The picture grows! The yellow grain,
Enraptured by the reaper's song,
Falls like a shower of golden rain
The boundless stubble-glebe along;
And all your vales and miser hills
Perceive a sun of quickening ray,
And everything this truth fulfills,
"Your kings are thralls from yester-
day!"

The tyrant's power is thin as air,
And Freedom's holy heart is stirred,
And man becomes exalted where
The schoolboy's lusty shout is heard;
The tribune and the forum wait
A herald from the district school
To sail some day the Ship of State,
Or patient wait while others rule.

The village buds, and cities rise,
And fields respond to sun and shower,—
New glories crowd celestial skies,
While wisdom guides the ruler's power
And mind expands till man is great;
So wide his realm, God-crowned is he
Who builds secure and guards the state
Where no yoke galls and all are free!

Aye, the roused giant of the West!
Long has he slept — a thousand years —
But human needs have broke his rest
And though he slumbers deep, he hears.
His scepter rules; who says him nay
While radiant burn his altars now!
The voice of Destiny cries, "Make way!
The star of victory crowns his brow!"

But man his limitations hath
E'en as the worm beneath his feet;
So the swift waters close the path
Where swept with pride the battled fleet;
So brightest trophies of the Past
Are turned to slag in shrouds of rust;
So in his silent house at last
Man and his glory sink to dust.

Time's pendulum swings back! Once more
The sea reflects the stars of night!
And shrunken in the ocean's floor
The gray old mountains hide from sight!
Nor shore to vex the boundless sea,
Nor throbs through void a vocal cry,
And wanton winds, unchained and free,
Lash with wild foam an angry sky!

O when the sea recedes again,
And life returns, and living green
Clothes hill and vale and blighted plain,
And when by other eyes are seen
Along your streets where wrecks were
 strown
Aught that a human hand hath done,
May they behold this corner stone,
The splendid gift from Scotia's son.

THE VOICE OF PITY IN SUMMERTIME

FILL days like these with Mercy's kindly deeds,
From eager hands to dumb creation's needs;
Behold, obedient to his master's will,
The horse, o'erladen, laboring up the hill!
With what fine courage on the perverse road
He strains to overcome the stubborn load!
And oft he begs, imploring in each look,
A pitying mouthful from the willing brook!

Think of the grind from morn till eventide,
Then say, "Shall claim so rightful be denied!"
You are his master, blood and thew are yours
While the hid spark of toiling life endures!
Would he requite you so if you and he
Should change estates by some bizarre decree?

The hapless brute nor mercy claims from you,
But barely justice — only what's his due!
Loose the harsh check, the stinging lash forego,
Stay the hot arm uplifted for a blow,
For see the trembling knees, the frightened eyes,
And spare him for his oft self-sacrifice!

However great, that man is not my peer
Who rules his horse with wanton curb severe!
Who, when the Winter's breath is on the world
And Night's tempestuous banners are unfurled,

Leaves the poor brute to shiver in the blast,
And makes himself and houselings snug and
fast!

How cowers he, trembling at your brutal hand,
Who ne'er refused obedience to command!
But now the years are heavy, and he's old,
You spurn him far to perish in the cold!

Maybe 'tis Summer and the Dog Star reigns,
And dead the upland's erstwhile swollen veins;
And though your horse scarce eked the Winter
days,

Somehow — God knows; His ways are not our
ways —

You yoke him to the plow that more and more
Shall wax your garnered wealth of Autumn's
store!

At last the task is done, and with it goes
Your benefactor's final act! The woes
Of age, of houseless nights, of thirst and pain —
These of life's assets, only these remain!

Have you forgot the pride once had in him —
How wise of temper and how fleet of limb;
The brave, strong will that yielded to your own?
A friend more loyal you have never known.
And when the road was long and dark the nights,
How safe he bore you till the twinkling lights

And baying watch-dog told the journey's end!
How then fared forth your uncomplaining
friend?

How large of mercy was your measure given,
And will you, one day, ask for more of Heaven?

OLD SCHOOL DAYS AND SCENES IN MAINE

SOME pictures I painted a long time ago
And hung them away with infinite care,
And oft by my grate, when the embers burn low,
I dream of that sanctum and musing go there.

So to-night, with the world in a mantle of sleet
And winds wildly shrieking an overture shrill,
I'll venture a search through that hidden retreat
For the ruby old schoolhouse that stood on
the hill.

Ah, here is the portal that leads to the shrine,
Most hid by dead vines and the mosses of
years,
And I take from the wall that worn painting of
mine,
Last seen through a vista half hidden with
tears.

At the foot of the lane, down yonder, I see
Two figures I know nigh sheltered from view,
The air seems alive with their laughter and glee;
Do I know who they are? Yes, indeed. So
do you!

Oho, here's the pond where we boys used to
swim,

And lilies with cables of exquisite style
To bedizen our sweethearts all proper and prim,
Perchance that we win but the hint of a smile.

There wimples the brook that had nothing to do
But mirror our faces and cool the hot brow
And list its own music the happy day through;
Alas for the song and those dear faces now.

Now shining in splendor and soft is the light
O'er the day sound asleep in an Erebus
shroud,

The debonair face of the Queen of the Night
Looks down from her phaeton of nebulous
cloud.

I know of a heart that is thirsting to drink
Of nectar once brewed in the jolly old spring
Where the red berries hung like beads from the
brink
And wild woodbird minstrels came always to
sing.

Still fondly cling to me the dreams of those days
That I foolishly thought would nevermore
fade;

Alas, time reveals that the sun's golden rays
Lose luster when night draws her mantle of
shade.

I'm thinking to-night of those rare days of bliss,
Not a care then, nor sorrow, nor warning of
pain;
Life's triumphs I'd give from that moment to
this,
Could I pluck but a rose from that garden
again.

So here with dead embers I visit once more
The scenes of my boyhood that gladden me
still,
The brook and the birds and the moonlight ga-
lore,
And the schoolhouse "lang syne" that stood
on the hill.

THE MOSS-LINED SPRING OF THE
PIONEER GIVES WAY TO
NEW CONDITIONS

FAREWELL, dear friend! No more wilt thou
impart

A draught of solace to the fainting heart,
Nor feed the current of the bounding blood
With bracing juices from thy generous flood!
The hand of power *hic jacet* here inscribes,
Hic jacet, too, for him who now imbibes!

And while we mourn thy bumpers of delight
And rue the hour that hides thee from our sight,
Come, let us draw around thy humid bier
And pay the last sad tribute of a tear!
Above thy corpse no funeral prayer was said,
Nor solemn benedictions for the dead
As when one fallen in unequal strife
Goes crowned with honors of a splendid life.

The belfried mourners — they of iron throat —
Nor knelled thy passing e'en a requiem note
Lest, joining in the common grief, might plead
Pathetic protest to the vandal deed;
Nor joyless tears were shed as when we lay
In Summer's lovely bloom our dead away,
And what the sage's wisest thoughts inspire
That, unconcerned, the hireling did for hire!

O symbol'd Truth! Thou never failing friend,
When all the world was false, true to the end;
And to the tousled child with red feet bare
Thy cup was sweet as to the millionaire;
And she who came in weeds and wan despair
Went on her way more happy than she came,
And her sad lips breathed blessings on thy name.

No doubt in some Arcadian age forgot
The Indian wigwams circled round this spot;
Here campfires lit the tufted glades along,
And night resounded with revengeful song;
Here athletes, boastful of a brave's estate,
Hurled the strong spear and tossed the ancient
quoit.

Here, too, the captive, helpless bound, expired
On fagot beds the hand of hate had fired.

Maybe a fate propitious yet unseen
Projected happier pictures on the screen,
And this old story, old but always new,
Revealed a brown Rebecca at the well,
And unsubstantial as the morning dew
She wove her Isaac love's delicious spell.

We look again! The phasma fades away
And sadder scenes the shifter's hand obey;
There in relief that frames her tawny face
She reads the augury of a conquered race;
With self-reliant heart and stolid mien

She gazes on the fast dissolving scene,
Sees where the distant campfires fainter glow,
And ominous times her daydreams overflow;
And with a groan that rends her wretched
 breast,
Follows a hand that beckons toward the West.

When Summer came, and Phœbus from on high
Sowed fiery embers through the kindling sky,
And blood was scarce and runnel beds went bare,
For this cool draught the she-wolf quit her lair
And whimpering whelps that, for an endless
 hour,
Whined for life's elixir that would come no more.

Here came the birds from parched and sodden
 hills
To praise with silvery throats thy bounteous
 rills,
And their sweet songs swelled to a gladsome
 hymn
That charmed the barren mountains, old and
 grim.

But when, o'erwhelmed by Time's remorseless
 flight,
The smoke-tanned wigwam faded out of sight,
And race primeval of a virgin land
Shrank from the white man's hostile hand,
The bold crusader set the vacant stage

With scenes and actors of a newer age;
On his escutcheon blazing full and clear
Was graved the cabin of the pioneer,
With children playing by the open door
And Rembrandt pictures on the bare earth
floor

The artist Sun had caught in happy vein
When vines were creeping o'er the windowpane.

So year by year, as kindlier grew the yield
Of golden blessings from the harvest field,
The smithy and the school stood side by side,
The sturdy laborer's hope, the village pride.

O fount of wondrous sweetness, long drawn out,
What daily comforts didst thou bring about!
What draughts from flagons of old Rhenish wine
Could for a social glass compare with thine!
When did thy night's potation promise that
The morning head would far exceed the hat!
Thy crystal bowl of ever-flowing bliss
In memory will live — live like a mother's kiss!

Oft have I paused, when noon's hot beams aglow
Filled heaven's great dome and smote the world
below,

To quaff the nectar in thy basin stored
That some kind Moses ages past had poured;
And oft at eve, when twilight's phantom hand
Transfigured objects in a shadowy land,

I've listened to the music of thy lip
That to that hour had known no rivalry;
Through shine or Winter's bluster, all day long
The heart was happier for thy cheery song.

Hard by, in pompous range and solemn mood,
I mind a row of moss-grown poplars stood;
So calm their ways in the ethereal sea
Like Druid monitors they seemed to be,
And tall and straight in stately grandeur grew;
And when at noon the neighboring school "let
out,"

High o'er the tyros and their roistering shout
They'd seem to bow and wave their arms about
As if to say: "To you," "And you," "And
you!"

Like far-off music from a drowsy bell
Soft on the ear thy gentle purlings fell,
And in thy oozy bed of sand and clay
Were footprints that the years have washed
away;
But voiceless memories of this hallowed spot
Admonisheth that we'll "forget thee not."

THE SPIRIT OF '76

At the beginning of the Spanish-American War I stood on the platform of a railway station when a train was being made up to transport a detail of soldiers to the front. A mother was parting from her only son and the scene was pathetic. Through her choking sobs she reminded the young man where and how his father died for his country and to be always ready to do his duty whatever befell, and I thought of the words of that Spartan mother to her son a good many years ago: "My son, come home bearing your shield or be borne back upon it."

"WHEN fierce resounding blow on blow
Awake the volleying hills afar,
And hotter flames the battle's glow
That sears the gory paths of war,
E'en in that storm of screaming shell
And blinding death, my boy, fight well!

"If somewhere on some reeling deck
The iron hail fall thick and fast,
A deluge o'er the battered wreck
Of mailèd hull and splintered mast,
Till red-mouthed guns are mouths of hell;
Still face to Death — fight well, fight well!

"Nor tyrant's arm, however strong,
Can lower the hand that strikes for
right;
Whose banner champions what is wrong
Goes down dishonored in the fight;

Stand to your guns at Duty's call,
E'en though Old Glory be thy pall.

“ Here in the hollow of my arm
And on the pillow of my breast
I cradled thee from Life's rough storm,
Sweet only birdling of the nest;
And now in manhood's noon full high
I kiss thee, darling boy, good-by!

“ Each hurrying hour I saw in thee
The splendid image of thy sire
Whose other like I ne'er shall see —
He perished in Antietam's fire;
Thou art his self in form and face,
On honor's field hold thou his place!

“ One last embrace! Nor tears of mine
Shall course the channels of my cheek;
Nor dread and boding fears combine
In this last hour to make thee weak;
Hide, O my heart, thy tears from sight;
Brew them in loneliness of night!”

The bugle calls! Ill fares the day
For blighted sons of wornout Spain
When men like these shall hew their way
Across the red Golgotha plain
To be in truth the hand of God
To break in twain the tyrant's rod.

BOYHOOD

A GLIMPSE BACKWARD

O THE eyes seem to fill as we think of the days
When it seemed that our rainbows would nev-
ermore fade,
That a scene so enchanting would go from our
gaze
Like the flower that is dead when its heart is
decayed.

How we envied the brook that had nothing to do
But to sing all the day to a cloud-tinted sky,
And the soft-throated warblers that dallied to
woo
From boughs rocked by winds dancing glee-
fully by.

Our world was creation, star-studded with flow-
ers,
With a tryst for the wood-nymphs, all jolly
and fair;
And the bee came at will to her honey-dewed
bowers,
And the breath of the clover pervaded the air.

And the "forest primeval" whose slumber-
bound hush
Was disturbed by the owl serenading the
night;

And the wise little squirrel whose saucy red brush
 Flamed along the prone tree like an arrow of
 light.

There's the rock that poured out its libations
 of joy,

 Without favor from Moses or any one else,
To cool the hot brow of the freckle-faced boy
And to sober the fires that leaped in his pulse.

There's the willow-fringed pond where we boys
 went to swim

 Without coaxing for license or counting ex-
 pense,
But explained to our fathers of visages grim
 That it turns a boy's shirt to climb over a
 fence.

There's the old maple form where we painfully
 sat

 And carved a rude type of all things in the
 room

Till the argus-eyed Master saw what we were at
 And gave us a taste of the first crack of doom.

O that gyrating rod that our shoulders em-
 bossed,

 Maybe he now wields it to harry the dead;
But he'll need not the goggles that often he lost
 On the shining expanse of a well polished
 head.

Rest, rest, O our Master, strict censor of youth,
Thou peer of the best in a praiseworthy
band;
We are better for lessons of wisdom and truth
Thou impressed with a firm and unsparing
hand.

Our sweethearts, God bless them, were fair as
the day,
Their lives were so brief there is little to tell;
Where the tall grasses murmur and summer
winds play
Our gentle-eyed sweethearts, they tell us,
sleep well.

O how like the mother whose grief-stricken eyes
See her babe fade away to the echoless shore,
And though all the pleasure of earth round her
lies,
Will weep o'er a glove that her darling once
wore.

So we take the joys that were born of those
years
And lay them away unto silence and dust,
To tell with the pen, as we dip it in tears,
That the gold we once cherished is all turned
to dust.

A PLUNGE AT SYRACUSE IN GREAT SALT LAKE

WHEN, blushing in the glowing East,
The bashful Dawn unveils the Day,
And Phoebus with his car released
Rides the slant heavens to speed away;
When jocund life is at the flood,
Perchance distills a honeyed juice,
All things inspire a willing mood
To ride the wave at Syracuse!

Or when the blazing breath of Noon
Dissolves the mists that veiled the Morn,
And drooping Zephyr feels to swoon
Amidst the fields of wilting corn;
When Man, bespitted, broils dismayed,
And hunts, forlorn, the suicide's noose,
Then happy we, though scant arrayed,
To stride the wave at Syracuse!

Or when the Night's good-natured ghost
Floods Luna with mysterious light,
And starry heavens' parading host
Twinkle their eyes supremely bright
At mirrors in the tumbling wave,
Then ho! for one more plunging cruise
To find the mermaid's hidden cave
In the blue depths at Syracuse!

TO AN ENGLISH SPARROW THAT
DISTURBS MY MORNING
SLUMBERS

BOLD buccaneer from over the sea,
A valiant freebooter that's sly,
With property notions as free
As a cyclone's let down from the sky!

Like a nihilist out for a lark,
With pockets of dynamite filled,
And of ways most prodigiously dark,
And happy if somebody's killed!

In the sunlight that kisses the bud
Or hid under velvety leaves,
Thy hysterical cries chill the blood
Of feathered ones under the eaves!

A rowdy with courage and skill,
And mouth like a buzz-saw to bite,
A bluffer or dandy at will,
Or a handy old thing in a fight!

A chatterbox, brazen and bold,
Born wicked and noisy and mad,
A voice like the brawl of a scold,
And a meddlesome tongue that is bad!

A pirate from Albion's clime,
With profusion of unpublished words,
An uncivilized genius of crime,
A herod of Herods of birds!

At home on the lawn of the king,
All the same on a barren lot,
Thou provoketh a laugh when you sing,
And are sociable when we are not!

The pomp and the brass in thy skin
Is a foolish and profitless guide
And with vanity really a sin;
But a toad has more reason for pride!

A THUNDER-STORM AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

IN God's great peace the slumbering valley lay
When gilded peaks proclaimed the coming day!
Along the east the dawn's dear angel went
To scatter roses from her Orient!
And from the darkling covert of the wood
On flashing wing swept forth the choral brood!
And singing soft and low a gentle stream
Told o'er in song its long and blissful dream,
And kissed the grasses in the emerald field —
So young of bloom its charms but half re-
vealed —

And the wild buttercup the bank beside
Smiled on its shadow in the friendly tide!

Now up the golden ladder of the morn
Came the new sun and, lo, the day was born!
And June's fresh kisses on the tuneful air
Embalmed the scene with fragrance everywhere.

But e'er the sun his midday zenith passed,
Hell's dunnest gloom was on the mountains cast;
We saw the embattled armies of the air,
The splendid onset, and the marvelous glare
Of the sky when clouds from the angry north
Lifted to let their murky squadrons forth!
And there where drifted snows eternal are
We viewed below the pageantry of war!

Slow spreading out, a fateful nimbus hand
Hid the red sun and veiled dissolving land;
Yon side the vale a ragged cloud appeared,
And cones of mountains combed the shaggy
beard,

And far away, like discs of silver bright,
The poplar's leaves were quivering in the
light —

Such light mysterious as the solar ray
Transmutes to twilight at the close of day!
Anon, the pent-up demon of the gale
Half burst its bonds, and with a sullen wail
Sank to a calm, and through the vacant air
Strange pulses beat the tall cliffs brown and
bare!

Not long the powers puissant fared confined,
As driven on before the unbridled wind
And gathering fury as they onward sped,
They hurled cloud avalanches overhead,
And fitful gusts the leaning mountains shook
And living things the open vale forsook!

And now a moan dies to a haunting wail,
And swimming skies surge on the swelling gale,
And in wild fury sweep yon looming height
Till giant trees are prostrate in its might!
Down through the gorge the boiling vapors roll,
Driven by winds that curl them like a scroll!

Across the plains and from the gulf below
The storm-born centaurs charge the mountain's
brow!

The gashed and blazing clouds together come
To rolling peals of heaven's tumultuous drum!
The cliffs, sonorous, answer long and loud,
While Odin's hammer smites the clanging cloud!
The livid lightnings leap from peak to peak,
And answering back the deep-mouthed thunders
speak!

Across the valley swirls a lurid glow
From eagle's aerie to the earth below;
The air is charged with a mephitic breath
That seeming rises from the realm of death!

So passed an hour of elements at war
When Phœbus rode again his wondrous car;
The cohorts of the air, fatigued with strife,
Proclaim a truce, and Death makes way for
Life;

And now is sprung an opalescent bow
To cheer betimes the wrack-strewn world below;
Tear-beaded trees their glad libations pour,
Peace rides the storm, now passing harmless
o'er!

THE GRAVE ON THE ISLAND

A tempest such as had not been known before swept over Great Salt Lake when my friend, Judge U. J. W——, lay dying on Fremont Island, his picturesque home in summertime. The angry tempest raged for a week or more, and the devoted wife with her stricken children were sole comforters of the dying man through those awful days and nights. They were the only inhabitants of the little isle, and no outside help could reach them because no craft of human construction could live an hour in those turbulent waters. Often during the storm the floor of the lake was exposed in many places, so furious was the gale.

“He sleeps over there on that lone island where the morning sunbeams will warm his grave; and his lullaby is the sob of the heavy waters of the lake as they beat against the shore.”

EDITOR GOODWIN IN *Salt Lake Tribune*.

O FREMONT, anchored on the inland wave,
In thy strong bosom is a lonely grave,
The peer of any shrine in all the land.
The brazen tongue of old cathedral bells
Nor braver, more pathetic story tells
Than did the raving winds and the wild storm
That rocked the massive framework of thy form
When this lone grave was builded in thy strand.

The seagull, matchless in her power of flight,
Fled from the furious gale that vexed the night
And sought with folded wing some favored lee;
In raging skies the bannered clouds unfurled

To maniac winds ; and waters stark were hurled
Into the awful night ! Before the blast
Still driving on through solid darkness vast
The billows boomed, and heaved a sullen sea !

There on the wife's fond bosom he reclined
And heard through endless days the maddened
wind

Chafing the Dead Sea on his rocky beach ;
His hourglass sifted where no human hands
Could render back the swiftly sifted sands,
Nor rouse the lagging pulse, the fainting life,
Fast ebbing through the roar and storm and
strife

Into God's calm beyond the tempest's reach.

The days wore on and night's black mantle fell
On tall, grim cliffs, whose dread heights sentinel
That bastioned coast in Nature's furious wars :
And as the air grew denser, overhead
The wind-torn clouds portentous omens spread
About the little isle that trembling lay
Adrowning in the spume of ocean spray,
Hid from the sight of pitying moon or stars.

She who had walked beside him since a bride,
And been an inspiration and a guide,
Cheered with brave words when love could do no
more ;

And when she saw the loved form sinking low,

Mutely she faced the sure descending blow —
Gave him the life elixir of her heart
And drained the lees as 'twere the better part,
Unmindful if a cross or crown she bore.

The morning broke! But not in gladness came
Th' exulting sun, the orient sky aflame
With glorious harbinger of coming day,
For Death's dread presence filled the conscious
door,

And in the wind she heard the muffled oar
Whose stealthy stroke told ere the morrow's
sun

Into the shoreless waste the stricken one,
Unmoored from earth, would silent drift away.

When all was o'er, nor pomp nor bugle's blare
Nor tinselled mockery for the dead were there
Where woman's hand the sleeper gently laid;
But midst the desolation and the gloom,
Gathering her unfledged ones about the tomb
The mother, kneeling on the bitter sod,
Raised her sad heart in voiceless prayer to God,
Their present help, their never-failing aid.

O soul of him I loved! Ordain me here
To lay a wreath on thy regretted bier,
And I am honored that thou wast my friend.
O let me, where the afterglow of day

Gilds the dead leaves above thy wasting clay,
Invoke thy presence freed from mortal dust,
And in this task, love's self-appointed trust,
Thy help and cheerful approbation lend.

I knew and loved him. Gentle and refined,
Rich in unpretentious wealth of heart and mind,
And whom he knew were debtors to the score.
Strongly equipped in all that makes men wise,
In wisdom more than books, what most we prize
In ready men who with the Sybil talk,
And from the great world in their daily walk
And Nature's works gather abundant store.

And too, he knew the doctrines of the schools,
Their labyrinths, the sage logician's rules
That hold a reasoner's reason in control;
Terrestrial force, the far-off starry field,
Their ways and mysteries to him revealed;
Of ancient folklore and the craft of state
He knew their alphabet! In all was great —
All save the husk that held a mighty soul.

At home there fell the ingle's loving glow
That makes the place "a little heaven below"
And gives the group forecast of future bliss;
What matter if the tempest roar amain,
Or if the bursting clouds pour down their rain;

Not all the power of Winter's churlish wrath
Can reach the holy comforts of the hearth
Nor cross the threshold of a home like this!

Though waiting hearts may break, sweet be thy
 sleep,
And naught disturb thy slumber long and deep
In that dreamland of mystery profound!
Be bud and bloom, and breath of vernal Spring,
And opal sky, and cloud, and bird a-wing,
And the old paths so well beloved of thee
Along the shore lines of the whispering sea,
The pleasant guardians of the island mound.

THE PIONEERS — 1847

In tender recollection of my friend,
Hon. Thomas D. D——

WHERE Florence by the river's bearded lip
Looks o'er the prairies, like a sea at rest,
They pledged themselves to ideal fellowship —
These bold pathfinders to the mighty West.

In visions, born of dreams in troubled sleep,
They saw the cross transfigured, and the
crown ;
Saw red ravines where foes like shadows creep,
And their white bones on deserts bare and
brown.

Saw, too, the wastes low shelving far away
Where the dull sky shuts down its hollow rim,
And obscure roads that blindly go astray,
And sunken landmarks, overgrown and dim.

In sleep they heard the savage midnight cry,—
Felt on their brow the wind's fierce pulses
beat —
Saw specters of disaster ever nigh —
Dreamed of old scenes they nevermore would
greet.

But hope saw fields with teeming life content,
And clouds of billowing furnace-fires aglow,
And spangled meadows, dyed with flowers besprent,
And valleys broad whose bounties overflow.

Trusting in Him who fashions all our clay,
They trod the wine press of a grievous task;
And though their wants pressed sorely day by day,
So was their help — nor further did they ask.

But when the hour for sundering ties was come
And hearts surcharged whelmed with resistless grief,
Then eyes looked words most eloquently dumb
And pity made the bravest farewells brief.

So turned their faces toward the hostile plains
With hungry hearts no viands could appease;
Nor conquest, nor the lure of selfish gains,
Seduced them from the pleasant ways of ease.

Slow moving on the sore-tried pilgrims fared,
Faint of long fasts, athirst, and spent for rest;
Nor noon's ignescent beams their venom spared,
Nor demon cyclones that the plains infest.

The lambent cloud across their troubled path
Its storm-exulting banners flung on high,
And sulphurous bolts were hurled with Jovian
wrath

From castellated bastions of the sky.

O Captains, half reluctant to proceed,
Turn not yet back the disenchanted throng;
Not yet; the ghosts of fear are worthy little
heed —

These wastes must echo your triumphant
song!

Still on, while moons thrice waxed and waned,
and frost

Of April vanished in the summer's breath,
And withered age and lusty manhood tossed
Through fevered nights and, babbling, talked
with Death.

Sometimes, like incense wafted from a tomb,
Or some loved Presence in a troubled hour,
Rose fair the purpling cactus sweet with bloom,
But horrent armed to guard the precious
flower.

The tawny bison, though a memory now,
Whose footprints fade by Lethe's shoreless
sea,

Then countless as the leaves on summer's bough,
Swarmed round the caravan, and wild as free,

The buzzard, vagrant prophet of the plain,
With head a-droop low-flying near the
ground,

Followed intent the slow, portentous train,
As sharks a stricken ship from sea inbound.

The wee, frail babe that came to view the
scene —

An added care, but still a welcome guest —
Closed its sweet eyes of bluest blue serene,
Unmindful of the mother's sorrowing breast.

The swollen stream, mad-roaring, strong and
wide,

Plowed deep the ford, full safe an hour be-
fore,

Lured them, unwarned, into its treacherous tide,
To toss the half-drowned wreckage to the
shore.

Though dedicated to a holy cause,
It could not all their yearning thoughts re-
press;

Foreboding fears made e'en the zealot pause,
And hearts fell sick with prospect of distress.

Toil-worn, but undismayed, at last they stood
Where Vulcan's furrow through a mountain
lies,

And viewed a solitude that henceforth should
In their deft hands become a paradise.

Forthwith the hills stood out in emerald green,
And bird and bloom were fairies of the vale,
And whispering brooks, their flowery banks be-
tween,

To listening winds told many a lover's tale.

Nor hand Utopian wrought the wondrous spell,
Nor dream Alnaschran solved the people's
fate,

For everywhere the scribes of history tell
That purpose strong of courage built a state.

O thou Crusader of a sacred Past,
"Who sleeps in silence and pathetic dust,"
To thee as life's reward has come at last
A people's love, safe from Time's crumbling
rust.

And ye who yet but trembling hold life's stage,
Though glad young hands their laurels still
bestow,

The high applause palls on the ear of age,
And through the halls the flickering lamps
burn low.

Bid guests "Good night!" Full sure the ris-
ing dawn

Will call to higher still and better things;
Till then, with Earth's green curtain round ye
drawn,

Your robes will be as royal robes of kings.

JAMES RANDOLPH ROOT — ENGINEER

A BALLAD

SAY, did ye hear the story of Jimmy Root,
Him of a hero's nerve and a woman's heart?
O, he had many a human attribute,
But of Jewry's Son so like in counterpart!

No! Well sit ye here where the day's farewell
Sifts a golden rain through the leafy bough,
And I'll try in my homely way to tell
Why the laurels may grow on a hero's brow!

It was something like this: Jim, an engineer
On the Great Northwestern and Duluth line,
Was holding the throttle when fields were sere,
And waiting like kilns were the regions of
pine!

It fell on a day that a thin wisp of smoke
Like a ghost's strange hand reached stealthily
out
From needles of rosin — and instantly broke
Into swirling black clouds, the wood-lands
about!

The air was ablaze! Hot tongues of the fire
Shot up through the clouds to caress the sky!
And over the seething and belching pyre
Rose a tumult of voices in piteous cry!

Jim's ear was alert! In a moment more —
Unmindful of orders, or praise, or blame,
And defying the threat of that tophet's roar,
Jim rode for a crown through a hell of flame.

His horse was of steel; but each rugged link,
And trunion, and screw, of that mighty steed
Had learned to obey, and now seemed to think
Of the periled lives, and the terrible need!

Just over the hills is a half covered cave,
It is moldy and deep, and bottomed with mire;
A hundred most dead are hid in this grave,
Walled about by wild heaving billows of fire.

And here where the embers were falling like rain,
And flames lashed the sky till the whole forest
roared,
Undaunted by fear Jim anchored his train,
And every live mortal was lifted aboard!

Another steed galloped beside him the while,
And Death was the rider that challenged the
pace;
And neck, croup and truck, sped they mile after
mile!
O, never before was seen such a race!

Yet, wider the throttle! (How the piston rods
play):

But the iron-rimmed wheels still grip the hot
rail!

O, the dying and dead — there's no time to
pray,

No time to look back! Jesu! If he fail.

The throttle's wide open! But merciless Death
Is winging his arrows to finish the strife;
But the flight slackens not to meet the hot
breath!

O, God, what a ride for a savior of life!

O, rider and steed! Nor the hound-frighted
stag

When his nostrils inflame like red pits of blood,
May outstrip the smokestack's wild streaming
flag,

As it crumples the shadows that creep through
the wood!

A plunge down the grade! But never a word
From lips that are white as the lips of the
dead!

And the moanings of pain are the only sounds
heard,

Save the grindings of wheels — and the flame,
as they sped!

They're whelmed with the gasses that fill every-
where!

And midnight at noon! Still they press close
the floor!

Dear Christ how they plead for a mouthful of
air,

As they ride now for life, as never before!

At last! The gauntlet is run, the open is made,
And the light of the sun sifts down through
the smoke;

But the might that is driving the engine is
stayed,

When the spell of the deadly destroyer is
broke.

A form like strong manhood seems guiding the
train,

But the hand on the throttle is withered and
black;

The eyeballs are seared, and never again

Will they watch for a danger that threatens
the track!

No priest shrived the soul that wafted its flight
From the babe and the mother his valor had
saved,

But long as they live will the story recite,

How Jim in the breakers of peril behaved.

When the Master will come to a world-circling
dead,

And, naked, all hearts are in presence of Him,
There, high on the scroll by the angels out-
spread

Will be written the name of the glorified Jim.

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